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VOLUME 15, NUMBER 1

FALL, 1956

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THE FIFTEENTH YEAR

With this issue THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM happily marks its fifteenth year of uninterrupted publication. It has persisted through perilous times and has sought to reflect in its pages, within the range of its resources, the significance and meaning of the incredibly confused and disheartening sequels of the postwar decade. And it has diligently probed for signs of a better tomorrow, in an endeavor to interpret and give evidence of attainments for the good of man.

The nightmare that was World War II is no more and the ashes of six million murdered Jews are scattered over the soil of a continent. THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM has been faithfully reporting on the trek of survivors of the crematoria to the promised land. Today, the eyes of world Jewry are turned toward Israel, where an ancient people is struggling against fantastic odds to prevail as a nation.

The world is threatened with totalitarian dogmas that have already enslaved hundreds of millions of human beings to the debasing cult of the insignificance of man. In our own land, though committed to the proposition of the equality of all before the law, we yet make distinction and practice prejudice against the black man.

Throughout its years of service THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM has advocated no new system that would hasten the dawn of a better era. It knows of none that surpasses the adequacy of the American way of life and the vitality of our Bill of Rights. It asks only that it be granted opportunities to persist in the ranks of those whose dedicated purpose is to preserve the precious heritage of an American.

This is our commitment. THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM believes that its demonstrated steadfastness in espousing the principles that it has cherished and lived from its very beginning—the rights of minority groups, justice for the Jewish people, and a more democratic America—is responsible for the confidence and encouragement of its readers, literary contributors, and supporters. THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM is resolved to continue to merit this trust.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB, *Editor*

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THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

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Religion in Israel

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By LEO HEIMAN

WHEN THE LATE Rabbi Kook was the Chief Rabbi of Palestine, he decided to ban all sports games and events on the Sabbath. A delegation of leading Jewish sportsmen went immediately to see the Rabbi and to plead with him for lifting or easing some of the restrictions. The most vehement and outspoken of the delegation were the football club representatives. "Honorable Chief Rabbi," they persisted, "We've got an international football game scheduled against the English team this Saturday, and unless we can play against them on that day, we lose. And you don't want Jews to lose against the British goyim, do you?" "Has Vehallillah," said the Chief Rabbi, "but tell me, what is football?"

The football players started gesticulating and explaining, but Rabbi Kook did not grasp the essentials of the game, say alone its intricacies. Interrupting the delegation's torrents of words, he declared, "Excuse me, children, but I am afraid this is quite different from what is written in the Books, I don't understand it . . ." Finally, the delegation managed to persuade the rabbi to follow them to a nearby ball field where a practice game was in progress. "You see, Honorable Chief Rabbi," they explained, "there are two goalposts on each side of the field. This one is ours and this is the English team's. Now each team tries to kick the ball in between the enemy's goal-posts as many times as possible and the team that kicks more balls in, wins the game. We hope the Honorable Chief Rabbi understands . . ." they added hopefully. "Of course I understand it now," Rabbi Kook answered, "but I still don't see why you have to desecrate the Sabbath to win against the English. Let them come here and play on the Sabbath if

they wish, they are goyim anyway, but you are Jews, children, so use your Jewish heads: come here the day before the British come and kick in so many balls in between their goalposts that even if they kick all Saturday they won't be able to equal your number . . ."

Many things have changed since then: Palestine and Rabbi Kook are no longer among the living, and most of the young football players who tried to teach the rules of the game to the Chief Rabbi are now middle aged, portly burghers with kids who play football themselves. Only one thing did not change: the lack of understanding between the religious and non-religious sections of Israel's Jewry—and the problem of Sabbath desecration is still the main obstacle on the road towards mutual understanding. Non-religious Jews (and, it must be admitted, they are in an 80% majority in Israel) would be willing to give in to religion on such points as pig-breeding, pork-selling, and mixed-marriages, but the problem of Sabbath is truly a problem of life and death, and as long as there is no mutual understanding on this point, religion will lose its struggle for existence in Israel. It is sad, but it is true. To outsiders, even if they are Jews, the struggle for religion in Israel seems to be pretty clear cut now: on one side there are the forces of religion, on the other side the forces of atheism, materialism and general godlessness. In reality, however, the struggle for religion in Israel is anything but clear cut. There is not only black and white but a lot of grey in between, and it is not a question of religion against materialism, but rather a question of politics, economics and psychology.

The proof that this is so is supplied by

the Israel Army, where there is no problem of religious struggle. As a matter of fact, the Israel Army even likes religion and the reason for this is simple: because there are no politics whatsoever in the army, religion proved to be more elastic while on the other hand, finding the otherwise so unbending Jewish religion so flexible when it comes to military needs, the army command suddenly found out that an army with religion is much better than an army without religion. Although the Israel Army commanders, if they were civilians, would have been classified as materialist-atheists, it is no exaggeration to say that the Chief Rabbinate regards the army as its ally.

If Jewish orthodox religion could show the same flexibility in general civilian life as it shows in military life there would have been no struggle for religion at all, but the trouble is that, in civilian life, religion is just as unbending as it was a thousand years ago. The Chief Rabbinate explains it very simply, "Jewish tradition has the recognized principle of *Pikuach Nefesh* (Salvation of Soul, in Hebrew), and this means that, to save Jews, everything is allowed. If a human life is in danger, to save it is a greater mitzvah than to observe the religious precepts . . ." In line with this ruling, the Military Rabbinate has developed the following policy: "Since the Israel Army saves about two million Jewish souls from being butchered by the enemy, the religion allows it to do everything it needs as an essential *Pikuach Nefesh* service . . ."

Thus, the Israel Army is just as ready to fight on the Sabbath as on any other day, but it is religious too. Sabbath and the holidays are strictly observed by all officers and men off duty, all army kitchens, even under field conditions, are kosher, there is a synagogue in every army camp and installation and there are religious services on the army radio, which is more than can be said for the State Broadcasting Service. None of the senior army commanders are religious themselves, but they all attend the military religious services and see to it that religion is observed in all units of the armed forces.

The reason is simple: in the beginning, the army command feared that orthodox religion would interfere with smooth functioning of military operation. "How can you deliver messages on the Sabbath if you can't use motorcycles," wondered one colonel. It soon became evident, however, that the Military Rabbinate, under the leadership of Colonel Goren, Israel Army Chief Rabbi, far from interfering with military operations speeds them by persuading religious soldiers that it is no sin to desecrate the Sabbath if their duty demands it. On the contrary, it is a great Mitzvah, because they are saving the lives of many other Jews. In fact, this attitude helped religion. There are many young boys in the Israel Army who would eat and smoke on Yom Kippur if they were civilians, "just to make those religious oxes mad." In the army, however, when they found that the Military Rabbinate allowed eating on Yom Kippur if on patrol or in combat, many of these young boys voluntarily abstained from eating or drinking on the holiday, just because they were allowed to choose. Moreover, the Army Command found out that the Jewish religion was very militant in its orthodox form and that, used properly, it could become a valuable ally and a morale booster. The military chaplains, far from being pacifists, demand an active policy of revenge and retaliation, pointing out that the Jewish religion demands "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." They are the first to support all army raids and operations and, in their weekly pep-talks they give to the soldiers as well as during the regular religious services, the chaplains always hammer the point that there is no greater Mitzvah than to defeat the enemy. Moreover, they also explain most Jewish holidays, like Passover, Hanukkah, Purim and so forth, from the military-national point of view. The chaplains are also responsible for arranging for funerals, marriages and other ceremonies for troops under their care, and a military chaplain combines the duties of priest, father confessor, social welfare officer, complaints center, matrimonial bureau, birth center and

undertaker with the duty of morale-booster and propagandist.

Taking all this into account the simple question may be asked: Why can't religion be integrated into the general Israeli life even half as successfully as it was integrated into Israel's military life? Here, too, the answer is simple: politics and intolerance on both sides. The Chief Rabbinate's position is clear: Israel is a Jewish state and should be guided by the Jewish Law. Essential state services like police or hospitals should be operated on Sabbath, under the Pikuach Nefesh rule, just as in the army, but everything else should be closed down. Say the opponents of a theocracy in Israel: the Jewish Law as it stands today is outmoded by about a thousand years. It was written when people ate with their fingers off the floor and is totally unsuitable for our atomic age. Either religion changes to conform with our modern needs or it will have to disappear. Pikuach Nefesh is all right for the army but insufficient for the civilian life to be based upon. There are many essential operations which cannot be classified as Pikuach Nefesh, but which are nevertheless essential. Oil drilling, for example, cannot be stopped on the Sabbath, but it isn't Pikuach Nefesh. Power stations and certain industries cannot be stopped either, and there are many similar functions in agriculture, too: orchards must be sprayed, fields irrigated and animals grazed, Sabbath or no Sabbath. Mails, telegraphs and telephones must function, and how can you stop broadcasting on the Sabbath? Moreover, Saturday is the only day off for most Israelis. Only twenty per cent of them are willing to stay at home and to devote their only day off to prayer and meditation. Most want to travel around, go to a sports game, see a show, visit their relatives, go fishing or swimming or just sit in a cafe and relax. Now the Christians have no difficulty in being religious. Sunday is not a day of mourning with them but a day of fun, while we Jews are committed to eternal misery if we follow our religion blindly. We don't care if we don't eat pork and we don't care if we don't

marry Gentile girls, though this is religious compulsion too, but we do care if our only day off is being turned into a day of imprisonment.

The Hapoel Hamizrahi party, which runs the Ministry of Religious Affairs and the religious settlement organization, and is thus the strongest of the four religious parties, might have been open to propositions of compromise on certain subjects, if it weren't for the fear of being branded as "Reform." That epithet, as used now in Israel, is just like the word "Red" as used now in the United States. Just as there are many liberals who fear being branded as Reds, so here the religious circles which are liberal at heart follow a policy of rigid orthodoxy for fear of being branded Reform Jews. Israel's first Reform Synagogue was recently officially opened at Haifa, but the members of Haifa's Reform Congregation, mostly Americans, keep their names secret, just as if they were members of a Commie club in New York. Thus, the liberal elements among the religious parties are forced to adopt an uncompromising attitude, while the tolerant elements among the socialist parties are also forced by politics to adopt an intolerant attitude. Migration is the main reason, for all the immigrants who arrive now from North Africa are religious and if they were allowed to remain religious, they'd vote for the religious parties come election day.

So far, religious demands were met only on the point of marriages and divorces, and the only legal marriages and divorces are those performed by the Rabbinate, everything else being now illegal, null and void. Here too, there is ample room for compromise. On the one hand, all Israeli couples, even if they had a free choice of civilian marriage, would have preferred a religious wedding performed by a rabbi anyway, so that the Rabbinate would not have lost much by allowing civilian marriages as well. Even now, any Jewish boy can marry a Gentile girl by cheating the Rabbinate and declaring that the girl is Jewish. There is no difficulty whatsoever in finding two witnesses willing to lie a little, and the Rab-

binate has no way of proving that the girl is not Jewish. Thus, the fact that marriages must be religious does not disturb anyone, and the Rabbinate could well afford to be more generous on this point. On the other hand, there most certainly is some room for modifications in the religious law, which for example, has no such thing as annulment or divorce enforcement. There have been many cases of women who married impotent husbands and could not get an annulment in spite of the fact that their marriage was not consummated. The same goes for pig-breeding and pork-selling too. No one would greatly regret if pigs and pork were banned all over Israel in return for religious concessions in other fields. As it is, pigs are now bred all over Israel, to the discomfort of American-Jewish tourists who find out that even though you can't find a bus on Friday night and have either to walk on foot or else hire an expensive cab, the Jewish State is full of grunting pigs raised all over the country, and there are almost no 100% kosher restaurants or butchers in Israel.

Religion is also accused of stopping progress by banning all archaeological work and excavations in places where there are human remains, by forbidding autopsies and post-mortems and so forth. On the other hand, there is some justification to the religious charges that religion will disappear if materialistic-nationalism is allowed to take its place.



Chalutz

MAX POLLAK

IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT

BY EUNICE POND LASELLE

Caged	the tiger within	
butter yellow	light streaked	touched with darkness
stirs	yawns	prowls
laps feral fangs	flesh hungry.	We sleep
protesting innocence	while	slow blood drips
from cruel jaws.		

Walt Whitman and the Negro

By LORENZO D. TURNER

AN INTERESTING ASPECT of Walt Whitman's "democracy" that is not generally known is revealed in his productions relating to slavery and the Negro. It is much more difficult to appraise his contribution to the anti-slavery cause than it is that of several of his literary contemporaries, such as Lowell, Whittier, Thoreau, Emerson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Herman Melville, and others. Lowell, for example, in 1838 was indifferent to the condition of the slave. He referred to the abolitionists as "canting fanatics" who exaggerated the tortures of the slave and "made war on the North for the ills the South had made."¹ He made a plea for the Indian and asked why the abolitionists had overlooked his wants. By 1843, however, his views had changed considerably. He himself said that his abolitionism began in 1840, the year of his engagement to Maria White, whom he married in 1844. Miss White's pronounced sympathy for the slave had much to do with Lowell's growing interest in the cause of abolition; and from 1840 until the end of the Civil War his utterances against slavery became increasingly strong with almost every anti-slavery work he produced. The contribution of Whittier, Thoreau, Emerson, Stowe, Melville, and others to the anti-slavery cause is quite easy to appraise also. They were always consistent in their opposition to the institution. Even the work of James K. Paulding offers no great difficulty. In 1816, when he visited the South, he expressed the keenest sympathy for the slave; but by 1836 his attitude had changed completely; for in that year he contended that Negroes were morally, intellectually, and in

all other ways unfitted for freedom. He made a virulent attack on the advocates of emancipation and termed all abolitionists dangerous enemies of religion, morals, liberty, patriotism, and all the social relations of life. As far as I know, he held thereafter to that view.

But with Whitman the situation was different. He had so many inhibitions with respect to slavery that he found it difficult to be consistent when discussing the subject. For this reason I have decided that a strictly chronological treatment of his statements regarding slavery, such as might be made in the case of Lowell and many other writers, would not be so effective as some other method. Accordingly, I shall list several assertions regarding Whitman's views on slavery and the Negro and shall give evidence from his writings to support each of these: (1) Whitman very probably was influenced considerably by the myth that was being developed during his time with respect to the Negro as being by nature inferior to all other human beings; (2) he was an ardent admirer of southerners from the very beginning, and after 1848, when he spent some time in the South, this affection for the South appeared to increase; (3) he continually insisted that slavery in the South should not be interfered with, but he definitely did not want it to spread to the North and Northwest and thus interfere with northern white labor; (4) he was consistently and bitterly opposed to the abolitionists, critical of northerners engaged in the slave trade, and occasionally of southern aristocrats, especially during the years immediately following the assassination of Lincoln; (5) shortly before 1850 and shortly

1. *Class Poem*, p. 22.

after, in a few of his writings, he showed some sympathy for the Negro; and (6) he was an ardent admirer of Lincoln.

I

Concurrently with the growth of the anti-slavery movement in the United States, that is, from the latter part of the eighteenth century until the beginning of the Civil War, there developed an insidious myth designed to justify slavery by an effort to prove that Negroes were inferior to other peoples. Late in the eighteenth century Pieter Camper, a Dutch anatomist and naturalist, made a study of the Guinea coast Negroes in which he compared them to the gorilla and the dog. He worked out the facial angle theory that put the white man at the top of the scale or gradations of mankind. A little later an Englishman named White published his *Natural Gradations*. His gradations were apes, pigmies, Sudanese Negroes, Hamitics, Indians, Mongoloids, and the white man. In 1805 Johann Friedrich Blumenbach in his *Handbook of Comparative Anatomy* gave weight to the view that the Negro was inferior to other peoples. This was followed a few years later by James C. Pritchard's *Natural History of Man*, Samuel G. Morton's *Catalogue of the Skulls of Man*, J. C. Nott and G. R. Gliddon's *Types of Mankind and Indigenous Races of the Earth*, Joseph Arthur Gobineau's famous *Essay on the Inequality of the Human Races*, and many other productions, in all of which the same view was emphasized. Gobineau contended that the different races of mankind are innately unequal in talent, worth, and ability to absorb and create culture. The genius of a race, he said, depends but little on conditions of climate, surroundings, and period; it is therefore absurd to maintain that all races are capable of an equal degree of perfection; only the white races are creative of culture. Among the prominent literary men of Whitman's time who held the same views was Thomas Carlyle. In 1849 he published his *Discourse on the Nigger Question*, in which he addressed these remarks to the Negroes of Jamaica, British West Indies, who had been freed in

1838: "You are not slaves now; nor do I wish, if it can be avoided, to see you slaves again; but decidedly you have to be servants to those that are born wiser than you; . . . servants to the whites, if they are (as what mortal man can doubt they are?) born wiser than you. That you may depend upon, my obscure black friends, is and was always the Law of the world for you and all men."²

As already indicated, this myth developed concurrently with the growth of the anti-slavery crusade in Europe and America and served as a counter-movement to the abolition campaign, supplying pro-slavery writers with what appeared to them an effective argument for the continuance of slavery. Even though slavery was abolished during the Civil War, the stereotype thus developed regarding the Negro was too deeply rooted to be easily changed. In fact, this myth is still accepted in many quarters. I have no evidence of the extent to which Whitman was acquainted with these writings, but when one reads his utterances regarding the Negro, one is inclined to believe that he was influenced, directly or indirectly, by them.

In 1842 Whitman was persuaded to write a novel in the cause of temperance. He called it *Franklin Evans or the Inebriate*. In this story the hero on one occasion visited a slave plantation in Virginia that was owned by a Mr. Bourne, whose father had emigrated from France during the latter eighteenth century. Whitman had his hero say:

. . . I cannot help pausing a moment to say that Bourne, as he saw with his own eyes, and judged with his own judgment, became convinced of the fallacy of those assertions which are brought against slavery in the South. He beheld, it is true, a large number of men and women in bondage; but he could not shut his eyes to the fact, that they would be far more unhappy, if possessed of freedom. He saw them well taken care of—with shelter and food, and every necessary means of comfort: and he wondered in his own mind, as he remembered what misery he had seen in his travels through various countries of Europe, that the philanthropists of the Old World should wish to interfere with the system of the New—when the merely nominal oppression of the latter is overbalanced, so many hundred times,

2. *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, IV, p. 379.

by the stern reality of starvation and despotism in the former.³

There was a beautiful Creole slave on this Virginia plantation with whom the hero of the novel fell in love, while under the influence of liquor, and married. He soon forsook her, however, when an attractive young widow arrived on the plantation. Out of jealousy the Creole arranged for the young widow to visit, unknowingly, a family suffering from a contagious disease. The widow shortly afterwards contracted the disease; but when it appeared that she would recover, the Creole stealthily entered her room and murdered her. "All the savagery of her African forebears welled up within her," wrote Whitman, for, "with this creature's good traits her heart had still a remnant of the savage . . . The God of Mysteries only can tell what passions worked in the woman's breast then, and during the rest of that fearful night. What deep breathings of hate—what devilish self-incitements, what sanguinary brain-thoughts—what mad, and still clearly defined marking out of fiendish purposes—what of all these raged and whirled in the chambers of that unhappy creature's soul, will ever stay buried in the darkness of things gone. . . ." The Creole was immediately suspected of the murder, apprehended, and lodged in prison. Here she confessed her crime, but not until after the death of her brother, who had also fallen victim to the disease. The very night on which she made her confession she committed suicide.

On November 9, 1857, the people of Oregon adopted a constitution, by a vote of 8,640 to 1,061, which barred Negroes from the state. There was also a law which barred Negroes already in the state from attending school and from voting. In fact, the law denying Negroes and Chinese the right of suffrage was not repealed in Oregon until February 15, 1915. In the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* for May 6, 1858, Whitman discussed the then new constitution of Oregon and saw some virtue in its provisions barring Negroes from the state. He said:

3. Pp. 170-71.

4. *Ibid.*, pp. 207-8.

We shouldn't wonder if this sort of total prohibition of colored persons became quite a common thing in New Western, Northwestern, and even Southwestern States. If so, the whole matter of slavery agitation will assume another phase, different from any phase as yet. It will be a conflict between the totality of White Labor, on the one side, and on the other, the interference and competition of Black Labor, or of bringing in colored persons on any terms.

Who believes that Whites and Blacks can ever amalgamate in America. Or who wishes it to happen? Nature has set an impassable seal against it. Besides, is not America for the Whites? And is it not better so? As long as the Blacks remain here how can they become anything like an independent and heroic race? There is no chance for it.

Yet we believe there is enough material in the colored race, if they were in some secure and ample part of the earth, where they would have a chance to develop themselves, to gradually form a race, a nation that would take no mean rank among the people of the world. . . . Of course, all this, or anything toward it, can never be attained by the Blacks here in America.

So that prohibitions like that in the new Constitution of Oregon, are not to be dismissed at first as arbitrary.⁵

In an earlier editorial of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*,⁶ Whitman had said that even though he wanted it understood that he was not defending the slave trade, yet the Negroes were far better off as slaves on the American plantations than they would have been in their own country; and he continued:

It is also to be remembered that no race ever can remain slaves if they have it in them to become free. Why do slave ships go to Africa only?

The worst results of the slave trade are those mainly caused by attempts of the government to outlaw it. We speak of the horrors of the "middle passage"—the wretched, suffocating, steaming, thirsty, dying crowds of black men, women, and children, packed between decks in cutter-built ships, modelled not for space, but speed. This, we repeat, is not an inherent attribute of the slave trade, but of declaring it piracy. . . .

5. It should be noted that this colonization plan, which Whitman approved of, had been bitterly attacked by the poet Whittier in 1833 in his famous treatise called *Justice and Expediency*, in which he showed that during the first sixteen years of the life of the Colonization Society nearly a million Negroes had died in slavery and more than half a million slaves had been added to the slave population. Such a plan, Whittier said, was a trick of pro-slavery sympathizers to rid the South of free Negroes.

6. July 17, 1857.

For Brazil, for Cuba, and it may be for some of the Southern States of this Confederacy, the infusion of slaves and the prevalent use of their labor are not objectionable on politico-economic grounds. Slaves are there because they must be—when the time arrives for them not to be proper there, they will leave.

Even as late as 1860, when Whitman went to Boston to supervise the publication of the third edition of *Leaves of Grass*, he seemed surprised at their being intelligent, progressive Negroes there who were not greatly handicapped because of their color. He was also somewhat shocked to discover that in public places they were not segregated.⁷ Concerning what he saw in Boston, he said:

You see not near as many black persons in Boston as you would expect. They are not near as plenty as in New York and Philadelphia. Their status here, however, is at once seen to be different. I have seen one working at the case in a printing office . . . and no distinction made between him and the white compositors. Another I noticed (and I never saw a blacker or woolier African), an employee in the State House, apparently a clerk or under official of some kind. At the eating houses, a black, when he wants his dinner, comes in and takes a vacant seat wherever he finds one—and nobody minds it. I notice that the mechanics and the young men do not mind it either. As for me, I am too much a citizen of the world to have the least compunction about it. The blacks here are certainly of superior order—quite as good to have in contact with you as the average of our own color. There is a black lawyer, named Anderson (a resident of Chelsea), practicing here in Boston, quite smart, and just as big as the best of them. And in Worcester, they are now put on the jury list, two of the names put on being black men, one of them a fugitive slave who has purchased his freedom.⁸

II

Whitman had a deep affection for the South. This was noticeable in his writings before 1848, when he went to the South and joined the staff of the *New Orleans Daily Crescent*, and even more afterwards in many of his productions relating to slavery. In the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* for May 25, 1857, he says: "We like the refreshing openness of the southern character; you know where to

find such men—you see what they are after, and prepare to meet them and answer them." In the same publication for May 14, 1846, he expressed his admiration for John C. Calhoun: "We like a bold, honest, morally heroic man. We like John C. Calhoun. . . . We believe that a higher-souled patriot never trod on American soil." A Whitman scholar, Professor Emory Holloway, says that this admiration for the South "makes clearer why Whitman, though willing to serve as a hospital missionary, was not quick, as was his brother George, to take up arms against the South."⁹ Whitman was afraid that the vast accumulation of Negroes in Cuba would lead to an insurrection like that in Santo Domingo: "What a beautiful prospect is here presented for our Southern planters. A black republic almost within sight of their shores."¹⁰ Whitman's affection for the South is expressed with a great deal of feeling in his poem entitled "O Magnet-South" (1860?):

O magnet-South! O glistening, perfumed South! my South!
O quick mettle, rich blood, impulse and love! good and evil! O all dear to me!
O my heart! O tender and fierce pangs, I can stand them not, I will depart;
O to be a Virginian . . . O to be a Carolinian!
O longings irrepressible! O I will go back to old Tennessee and never wander more.

III

Whitman was more interested in preventing the spread of slavery to the new territory acquired as a result of the Mexican War than in interfering with it in the southern states:

With the present slave states no human being anywhere . . . has the least shadow of a right to interfere; but in the new land . . . it is certainly of momentous importance . . . whether that land shall be slave land or not. . . .

The man who accustoms himself to think . . . will see the wide and radical difference between the unquestionable folly, and wicked wrong, of "abolitionist" interference with slavery in the southern states—and this point of establishing slavery in the fresh land.¹¹

9. *Uncollected Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman*, II, 9n.

10. *Brooklyn Daily Times*, May 7, 1857.

11. "New States: Shall They Be Slave or Free?" *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, April 22, 1847.

7. It is strange that he had not noticed similar treatment of Negroes in New York. Apparently he had had very little contact with Negroes in New York.

8. C. J. Furness, *Walt Whitman Workshop*, p. 259.

Whitman felt that slavery in the South, if let alone, would become extinct within a hundred years: "In the meantime," he said, "it should be remembered that the institution of slavery is not at all without its redeeming points, and also there are just as great reforms needed in the northern states. Perhaps there are greater reforms needed there, than in the southern states."¹² Whitman was quite definite and consistent in stressing the ill effects that slavery in the new territory would have upon the white working men of the North. Many of his editorials and articles in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* and the *Brooklyn Daily Times*, as well as other writings of his, emphasize this.

IV

Whitman was also consistent in his attacks on the abolitionists. On June 14, 1850, he published in Greeley's *Tribune* his poem called "Wounded in the House of Friends." The idea here is that the North was hampering freedom. The theme is drawn from Zachariah 13:6: "And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thy hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."

Whitman says:

From the house of friends comes the death stab.
Vaunters of the Free,
Why do you strain your lungs off southward?
Why be going to Alabama?
Sweep first before your own door;
Look well to your own eye, Massachusetts—
Yours, New York and Pennsylvania;
—I would say yours too, Michigan.
Virginia, mother of greatness,
Blush not for being also the mother of slaves—
Doughfaces, Crawlers,
Lice of Humanity—
Terrific screamers of Freedom,
Who roar and bawl, and get hot i' the face,
But, were they not incapable of august crime,
Would quench the hopes of ages for a drink.

On March 2, 1850, over the pseudonym "Paumanok," Whitman published in Bryant's *Evening Post* a poem called "Song for Certain Congressmen" (later changed to "Dough-Face Song").¹³ Here Whitman says:

12. Editorial in the *Brooklyn Daily Times*, May 14, 1857.

13. Bliss Perry, in *Walt Whitman: His Life and Work*, p. 29n., says that it was probably written in 1848.

To put down "agitation" now,
We think the most judicious;
To damn all "northern fanatics,"
Those "traitors," black and vicious;
The regular party usages
For us, and no "new issues."
Things have come to a pretty pass,
When a trifle small as this
Moving and bartering nigger slaves
Can open an abyss,
With jaws a-gape for "the two great parties";
A pretty thought, I wis.

"A Boston Ballad, 1854" deals with the incident of Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave, who was arrested in Boston and remanded to slavery. It was on this occasion that Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in attempting to rescue Burns, received a cut on his chin that left a permanent scar; and it was because of the Burns incident that William Lloyd Garrison shortly after, at an anti-slavery celebration in Framingham, Massachusetts, burned before the audience, among other documents, a copy of the Fugitive Slave Law and the Constitution of the United States, which he called "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Whitman, on the other hand, used the incident not to attack the Fugitive Slave Law or the slave holders, but rather the Bostonians. The estrangement which developed between Whitman and his friend O'Connor was caused by O'Connor's sympathy with the abolitionists. "O'Connor," said Whitman, "was a thorough-going anti-slavery believer and writer . . . and though I took a fancy to him from the first, I remember I feared his abolitionism—was afraid it would probably keep us apart."¹⁴

During the war, when many Union soldiers, including his brother George, were held as prisoners of war by the secessionists, Whitman revealed his indifference to the fate of the Negro Union prisoners. He criticized the Secretary of War for insisting that no discrimination against Negro soldiers be shown in the exchange of prisoners. The Secretary of War would not consent to an exchange of any prisoners unless the seces-

14. Furness, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

sion leaders agreed to give up "on average terms" all the Negroes they captured in military action.¹⁵

V

In a few of his poems and prose works, however, Whitman reveals some sympathy for the Negro. Most of these expressions of sympathy were written shortly before 1850 and shortly after, the same period when he was more frequently taking the opposite position. Among these writings are the following: (1) "Blood-Money" (written between 1843 and 1850), which is a sermon in verse on the text, "Guilty of the body and the blood of Christ"; (2) "The Old Black Widow" (*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, November 12, 1846), the story of a poor Negro servant woman who lived in New York City and who befriended a white girl, the daughter of a wretched and intemperate couple; (3) "Slavers and the Slave Trade" (*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, March 18, 1846), in which Whitman said that the slave trade "is a disgrace and a blot on the character of our republic, and on our boasted humanity;" (4) "A Man at Auction," the theme of which is further developed in sections 7 and 8 of "I Sing the Body Electric"; (5) sections 10 and 13 of "The Song of Myself;" and (6) "The Slave Trade" (published in *Life Illustrated*, August 2, 1856), in which he described the horrors of a slaver called "The Braman," inspected by him in the Brooklyn Navy Yard:

It is a hot, confined space, with about as much room in it as two parlors, each twelve feet square, but thrown together, longer and lower. Of this narrow den, more than half would have been filled; over them a slave-deck would be laid, and in the remaining space—a space about three and one-half feet high—would the black wretches have been stored, laid together spoon-fashion, half lying, half sideways, and close in one another's laps, in ranges across the deck—to smother, groan, and perhaps to perish, in the hot pestilential atmosphere, during the passage across the Atlantic.

We look about and imagine that we hear the barbarous gibberish of the miserable chattels, lamenting their savage homes, and wondering to each other whither their white captors are carrying them. Per-

haps in desperation they attempt to rise upon the crew. They are quieted either by promiscuous musket volleys fired down the hatchway, or by a few pounds of tacks plentifully dispersed among them, so that the motion of a limb in the dense crowd inflicts smarting, punctured wounds. We gladly drive away the horrid vision . . . and leave the crime-stained craft. . . .

Amid the Anglo-Saxon Protestant Christianity—so called—of the city of New York, the African slave trade now finds its most congenial and convenient emporium, the only other port of much account in this line being old Puritan Salem. In Massachusetts! Here the adventurers arrange their infamous plots, charter, outfit, man, and dispatch their vessels, pocket their blood-money, perjure themselves straight through the courts, and laugh at God, justice, and civilization.

In one of Whitman's manuscripts, published for the first time in 1928 by C. J. Furness in *Walt Whitman's Workshop*, Whitman asked:

. . . Must we be unchecked, unmastered—what real Americans can be made out of slaves? . . .

You have learned that the only safe law for religious sects is equal and universal toleration to all of whatever numbers, ages, hues, or language or belief. Learn that still below this law there lies one larger and more vital to our safety, every one of us; that of the uniform and inherent right of every man and woman to life and liberty, which as no power can take away from an innocent man without outrage, so every such person on whom that outrage is attempted has the inalienable right to defend himself. As to assisting such a person, it is not likely I shall ever have the privilege, but if I can do it, whether he be black or whether he be white . . . if he comes to me he gets what I can do for him. He may be coarse, fanatical, and a nigger . . . but while he has committed no crime further than seeking his liberty and defending it . . . I would help him and be proud of it. . . .

Folks talk of some model plantations where collected families of niggers grow sleek and live easy with enough to eat. . . . By God, I sometimes think this whole land is becoming one vast model plantation thinking itself well off because it has wherewithal to wear and no bother about its pork.¹⁶

VI

Finally, Whitman was an enthusiastic admirer of Lincoln, some of whose views about the Negro were similar to his own. Whitman's attitude toward the Civil War and its aftermath was also in some respects similar to Lincoln's. When Lincoln was being buried in Springfield, Illinois, on May

15. See Charles I. Glicksberg, *Walt Whitman and the Civil War*, pp. 178-80.

16. Pp. 74-83.

7, 1865, Whitman composed "Hush'd Be the Camps Today." Other well known poems of his that were inspired by Lincoln's life and death are "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" and "O Captain! My Captain!" Jefferson Davis was captured on May 10, and on May 13, when the news reached Washington, Whitman wrote a letter to the *Armory Square Hospital Gazette* in which he said: "History will keep the name of Lincoln second only to Washington, and his living monument will be in the hearts of the American people." This letter includes two of the images—the ship and the star—which were shortly to be used in "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." In 1874, in a lecture on Lincoln,

Whitman reversed his rating of Washington and Lincoln.

Whitman felt that it was Jefferson Davis and Confederate leaders like him, rather than the average man in the South, who were responsible for secession and the war. He made few references in his writings to Davis. Horace Traubel records a conversation which took place twenty years after the war in which Whitman referred to Davis's being given perfect freedom to go where he wished: "This has been paralleled nowhere else in the world: in any other country of the globe, the whole batch of the Confederate leaders would have had their heads cut off."¹⁷

17. *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, III, 543-44.



Academic Procession

MITCHELL SIPORIN

Civil Rights and the Race Novel

By ALAN GRIMES and JANET OWEN

IT IS NO startling observation to note that the social message of popular songs has changed considerably in the past fifty years. For many an old-time favorite carried in its lyrics a message of racial discrimination as it reflected a prevailing climate of opinion. Few of these today would see the light of publication; certainly none would make the hit parade. Law and lyrics were not far apart as "grandfather clauses," white primaries, segregated schooling and transportation systems maintained a second-class citizenry. But thoughts and institutions change together. And law, like literature and lyrics, is but an expression of an age. As the climate of opinion has changed, so have the laws and the literature. This interaction of governmental policy with social opinion is interestingly and clearly seen in the progressive movement over the past two decades toward a realization of equal rights for all races.

The legal or official path in the equal rights movement is easy to trace. In 1941 President Roosevelt established a federal Fair Employment Practices Committee to eliminate discrimination in work essential to the war effort. To date, a dozen states and thirty cities have enacted F.E.P.C. statutes and ordinances designed to end discrimination within their jurisdictions. In 1946 President Truman established the President's Committee on Civil Rights to survey the condition of such rights in our society and to recommend more adequate means for their protection. In its report, a landmark in the field, the President's Committee on Civil Rights declared, "The central theme in our American heritage is the importance of the individual person."

We abhor the totalitarian arrogance which makes

one man say that he will respect another man as his equal only if he has "my race, my religion, my political views, my social position." In our land men are equal, but they are free to be different. From these very differences among our people has come the great human and national strength of America.

As a fitting climax to the new era in civil rights the U. S. Supreme Court found, in 1954, the long continued practice of racial segregation in public schools contrary to the civil rights mandates of the Constitution, and in 1955 the Supreme Court granted reasonable time to the local officials to rectify the situation. Thus in the area of public pronouncements and public action one can trace the evolution toward racial equality in post-war America.

Official action can never be too far removed from public sentiment; it is, after all, only an expression of it. Race novels and race laws go hand in hand whether the contents be discriminatory or equalitarian. A few recent best-sellers on the race question may indicate the changing national temper. We are assuming, of course, that a best selling book on a major social problem brings some sort of a message which readers find appealing. Admittedly the book must have literary appeal. It must have style, plot and plausible characters and circumstances. However, even as fiction it deals, or must seem to deal, with reality. In dealing with a plausible reality it is at once a commentary on social conditions and an expression of them. Where such a work of fiction has a clear and distinct message, seeks by implication or overt statement to identify wrongs and rectify abuses and, to boot, makes the best seller lists, one way legitimately conclude that buyers feel the wrongs "real" wrongs and that the abuses deserve to be righted.

One may debate interminably whether *Uncle Tom's Cabin* aroused northern indignation over slavery, or merely expressed it. It probably did both. Today, in a new era of indignation over racial discrimination the modern race novel has both aroused and expressed an emotional and moral reaction that has clearly paralleled the transition in governmental policies on the race question. The new best sellers on the race question carry the same intense conviction of the work of Harriet Beecher Stowe, but are less polemical and more soundly grounded in sociological insights. But the moral fervor is still there, even if the alchemy of social change is handled in subtler ways.

Consider, for illustration, two best sellers dealing with the Negro in America. In *Strange Fruit* (1944) Lillian Smith tells the tragic and terrifying story of a Negro family, the Andersons, in Georgia. Nannie Anderson makes the initial and consequential mistake of falling in love with a white man, Tracy Dean. Tracy makes the vital mistake of falling in love with her. Here in the small Georgia town where racial memories run deep are the essential elements of a tragedy which runs to its inevitable conclusion. Nannie becomes pregnant by Tracy, and marriage between the races is out of the question. Ed, Nannie's brother, always resentful of whites, in a moment of indignant rage shoots and kills Tracy when he discovers his sister's condition. Negro murders white and tragedy pursues its course. Lynching follows. But Ed has escaped so that the full irony and injustice is revealed. The wrong man is hanged.

As the lynching scene develops and tension increases sober whites and Negroes try to understand the race question, and in this charged atmosphere the social attitudes are presented to the reader. "Want you to know, Sam, I'm the black man's friend," one white man says to a Negro doctor. "A man who tries to be a Christian has to be as fair to black as white. I believe that. But I've got to work on the setup we got down here. I'm no radical, no addle-brained red

trying . . . to turn a hundred years upside down in a minute. . . ."

"It's been a long minute for the Negro," Sam said quietly.

It is the consciousness of the "long minute," the time which indoctrinates a new generation with the habits and prejudices of the old, that shocks the reader as much as the sordid reality of the lynching in *Strange Fruit*. Yet *Strange Fruit* led the best-seller list for fiction in 1944.

In the decade from 1936 to 1946 there were 43 recorded lynchings. The record of the subsequent decade shows a vast improvement in the public conscience as well as in the effectiveness of the proper law enforcement agencies. America finally achieved lynch-free years. Obviously many factors have led to the decline of lynching. One can reasonably suspect, however, that the popular success of such works as *Strange Fruit* have played their role in awakening the public conscience.

Richard Wright, in *Black Boy* (1945) certainly contributed to the awakening of the public conscience in regard to the treatment of Negroes in America. A Negro, the "black boy" tells of his sufferings and resentments in a white world which refuses to recognize the equal humanity and sensitivity of its colored population. Caught in a social system that sets the two races to their work in rigidly assigned roles, the boy from Natchez, Mississippi, could not accept the fate assigned to him. Negroes in America were living out a life assigned to them by whites, not one of their own choosing.

Most of them were not conscious of living a special, separate, stunted way of life. Yet I knew that in some period of their growing up—a period that they had no doubt forgotten—there had been developed in them a delicate, sensitive controlling mechanism that shut off their minds and emotions from all that the white race had said was taboo. Although they lived in an America where in theory there existed equality of opportunity, they knew unerringly what to aspire to and what not to aspire to.

The armed forces of America were still fighting on the far-flung battlefields of the world against totalitarianism and racist theory in the year *Black Boy* was published. But at home racist theory and practice per-

sisted. With sensitivity, perception, and often undisguised bitterness, Richard Wright called America's attention to the injustices and inhumanity it fostered here at home. And *Black Boy* became a best seller in America.

The attack in fiction on racial discrimination reached out against antisemitism as well. Nineteen forty-four saw the publication of Gwethelyn Graham's *Earth and High Heaven*, as well as *Strange Fruit*; in 1945 *Earth and High Heaven* joined *Black Boy* on the best seller list. In Gwethelyn Graham's moving narrative Erica Drake, the daughter of a socially prominent Montreal businessman, fell in love with a young Jewish lawyer, Marc Reiser. Both families objected to their offspring's marrying "outsiders." Yet Marc and Erica, fully aware of the social difficulties involved, decided that only prejudice would be served by passive acceptance of social decrees and traditional mores. By marrying they took positive action toward ending racial intolerance.

In the course of their courtship Marc and Erica were brought sharply up against the recurring problem of antisemitism. For the first time Erica became aware that a Jew must always emerge from the stigma of a label to be accepted as a man. "Life must be almost intolerable," Erica's sister observed, "when, like Marc, you know that you will always have to turn up in person, to pass the inspection, in order to get a break. Never to be taken for granted but always to bear the burden of proof."

It was this appalling affront to human dignity which Gwethelyn Graham put across so successfully in her story about two young lovers. It was this face-to-face living with racial discrimination and prejudice, not as overt as with the Negro, but nonetheless present and effective that sapped the strength of the human personality . . . Marc and Erica have just been for a walk. They sit on a park bench as is the custom of lovers and Marc talks while Erica listens and thinks about him. And as she thinks she observes:

Above all, when that smile went out like a light,

his appalling vulnerability became evident, and you began to realize how much strain and effort had gone into the negative and fundamentally uncreative task of sheer resistance—resistance against the general conspiracy among the great majority of the people he met to drive him back into himself, to dam up so many of his natural outlets, to tell him what he was and finally to force him to abide by the definition.

In this novel of quiet discrimination the plight of the Jew as a minority race in an often hostile social setting is persistently portrayed. Its impact upon the society of 1945 is difficult if not impossible to assess. Yet some of its many readers must have closed its covers with at least an awareness of Erica's emotional turmoil when she cried: "That human beings, regardless of their own merit, should take upon themselves the right to judge a whole group of men, women and children, arbitrarily assembled according to a largely meaningless set of definitions, was evil enough; that there should not even be a judgment, was intolerable." But clearly there was a judgment, at least of some kind, for *Earth and High Heaven* was a best seller in America in 1945. Though it was a story set in Canada its successful sales in the United States must have been some indication that its social message struck home here.

Nineteen forty-seven, the year in which the President's committee on Civil Rights issued its report appropriately entitled *To Secure These Rights*, saw the publication of another novel dealing with racial discrimination. Laura Hobson in *Gentleman's Agreement*, which was incidentally made into a very successful movie, told the story of a liberal magazine writer who pretended he was a Jew in order to do an article on antisemitism. Thus Phil Green learned the facts of racial discrimination, in six long weeks of professional reporting. Day by day Phil encountered antisemitism in all its nuances, from the crudeness of a janitor to the clever rebuffs of society people. To his intense disgust he discovered that even Jews are prejudiced against Jews when his Jewish secretary expressed her distaste of being "the fall guy for the kikey ones." Subtle expressions that normally made no impres-

sion on him jangled on Phil's raw nerves, but his most painful experience came when his eleven-year old son was persecuted by a gang of jeering children.

As he encountered prejudice at all levels, from the janitor, the doctor, the men at the office and even to the woman he loved, he put together his material. Finally when the material was organized, his editor, Mr. Minify, took him to see a book publisher, a man named Jock, to get his advice. He got it. For Jock suggested:

"Better to have the publisher picked first on a book like this. Sure as hell they'd have sent it to the wrong house and pinned a neat handicap to the book to start with."

"How do you mean, 'wrong house'?" Phil asked.

"If one of the Jewish houses put their imprint on it, people might think it was just special pleading, and of course it's not."

"Jewish houses?" Phil asked. "You mean Jewish publishing houses? . . . Mr. Minify and I never heard of 'Christian publishing houses' and 'Jewish publishing houses' except in the Third Reich. Even firms run by men who are Jewish—we just call them 'publishing houses.' In a way that's what the whole series is about. . . ."

Jock was bewildered. . . . "It's just a phrase in the book trade."

Just why the race novels which turned a searchlight on traditional lines of prejudice made the best seller lists is a debatable point. But one may suppose that even aside from their literary appeal as good fiction, there was in them a certain capacity to strike home and give rise to a reader's sense of indignation. And indignation in a reader is nothing but a sense of justice come to life and demanding to be heard.

Race novels continue to be popular in America. As persistent as the enigma of racial diversity is the search for a standard of justice which will meet all humanity. American eyes followed the race question wherever it led. Not content with Canada and the United States the reading public turned abroad, to South Africa, and the novels of Alan Paton. For *Too Late the Phalarope* (1953) and *Cry, The Beloved Country* (1948) carried on the fight in the name of a common humanity against racial discrimination. No sense of theater was required for American buyers of the widely

popular *Cry, The Beloved Country* when they read:

The truth is that our Christian civilization is riddled through and through with dilemma. We believe in the brotherhood of man, but we do not want it in South Africa. We believe that God endows men with diverse gifts and that human life depends for its fullness on their employment and enjoyment, but we do not want it in South Africa. We believe in help for the underdog, but we want him to stay under. And we are therefore compelled, in order to preserve our belief that we are Christian, to ascribe to Almighty God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, our own human intentions, and to say that because He created white and black, He gives the Divine Approval to any human action that is designed to keep black men from advancement.

The contemporary movement toward racial equality in civil rights has proceeded without the help of any singular *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the results of the movement have been more deliberate and far less cataclysmic. The quiet impact of the opinions of the reading public may well be, over a period of time, as effective as a Supreme Court ruling or a new statute. And surely these opinions set a firm base for all future laws and judicial decisions. As the President's Committee on Civil Rights observed in 1947:

The adoption of specific legislation, the implementation of laws or the development of new administrative policies and procedures cannot alone bring us all the way to full civil rights. The strong arms of government can cope with individual acts of discrimination, injustice and violence. But in one sense, the actual infringements of civil rights by public or private persons are only symptoms. They reflect the imperfections of our social order, and the ignorance and moral weaknesses of some of our people.

Here is where the race novel, with its abhorrence of prejudice and discrimination, has played its role. For it has worked toward the furtherance of one of the objectives defined in the report *To Secure These Rights*. "We must," the President's Committee declared, "make constructive efforts to create an appropriate national outlook—a climate of public opinion which will outlaw individual abridgements of personal freedom, a climate of opinion as free from prejudice as we can make it." This has been the function of the recent race novel.

Inspiration for Conformity

By GEOFFREY WAGNER

IF YOU ARE A MAN, skip this paragraph. It won't interest you. It tells how a worried, unhappy girl got several men to propose to her. How did she make it? With cornflakes and Revlon? By spinning on her nose and mixing martinis with her tootsies? When, a line or two later, we learn that the lady in question "outgrew" her clothes we grow hopeful of a solution. The French have a word for this, and it isn't croquette. But the author is not thinking what the readers are thinking. The author is Dale Carnegie and the lady gets wed by adopting Dale Carnegie tactics.

Now any book which sells by the million is important as popular symptomatology and the best-selling writers in America today are the authors of inspirational or uplift books. As I write, Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking* enters the non-fiction best-seller list for the third year in succession. For most of this time the work, which went into four printings in its first three months, was the top-selling title in the U.S.A. At present it has sold over a million copies in a little more than two years, and this does not include about another million distributed by sundry book clubs. Peale's book is certainly a phenomenon in the genre, but it is not really a new one. Between its initial issue in 1936 and the start of 1948 *How To Win Friends and Influence People*, by the late Dale Carnegie, B.Pd., sold three and one-third million copies in all editions; the same author's *How To Stop Worrying and Start Living* has sold 1,075,874 in all editions. Rabbi Joshua Liebman's recently paper backed *Peace of Mind*, issued at about the same time as Carnegie's follow-up book (1946), was another million-bracket seller. And there

were many in the thirties, too, like Dorothea Brande's celebrated *Wake Up and Live!* of 1936.

Being the money-spinners of their literary market-place Carnegie and Peale have given rise to a host of imitators, ghosts, hacks, semi-plagiarists, quasi-priests, physi-Christis, assorted cultists, and so on, every one of whose uplift books seems assured of enormous sales. So much so that the inspirational authors no longer seem to bother about treading on each other's toes. "How To Overcome Worry," "How To Analyze And Solve Worry Problems," "How To Avoid Getting Upset," are three chapter-titles from three different uplift books (*I Can* by Ben Sweetland, *How To Stop Worrying* by Carnegie, and *A Guide to Confident Living* by Peale, respectively). Indeed, a kind of trades-union camaraderie seems to exist between these writers. Thus Carnegie will recommend David Harold Find, author of *Release From Nervous Tension*, or Daniel W. Joselyn, author of *Why Be Tired?*, who may in turn refer to Peale or even—who knows?—to Dale Carnegie himself. Even so, I was somewhat startled to see a book emerging recently called *Positive Thinking* (California, Wilshire Book Company) by a man called Melvin Powers.

If there has been any trend in these books, I would say that it seems to have been slightly away from the acquisition of "power" to the conquering of "worry." Despite their hosannas to success, these writers seem to me rather more on the defensive than they were fifteen years ago. It is true that the most recent of these books do all contain chapters on how to get "power"—"A Peaceful Mind Generates Power" (Peale, *The Power of Positive Thinking*) or "Your Men-

tal Power House" (Sweetland, *I Can*)—but they seem more devoted, especially the obviously discipular examples, like that by U. S. Anderson, to banishing what is euphemized as "worry." Peale, however, is an exception here as "power" or "powerful" is a key-word with him; one or the other occurs three times in thirteen chapter titles to *Confident Living* and six times in seventeen chapter titles to *Positive Thinking*. All the same, it has been some time since any inspirational book has been quite so blatantly Machiavelian as *How To Win Friends and Influence People* by Dale Carnegie, B.Pd. (what does this stand for—biped?); this astonishing volume is quite literally advice on how to toady. With its various rules, such as "Smile," "Make the Other Person Feel Important," "Never Tell A Man He Is Wrong," "Begin In a Friendly Way," "Appeal to the Nobler Motives," "Be hearty in your approbation and lavish in your praise," "Don't Criticize," it must rank as recommended reading for shoe salesmen, or possibly Southern Democrats. Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, to which I shall return later, contained somewhat similar precepts ("Forbear resenting injuries"), but the lickspittle parasitism of *How To Win Friends* is another story. The book sold 115,000 copies in its first four months. However, Carnegie changed his tack and, as he confessed in the "Preface" to *How To Stop Worrying and Start Living*, turned to the more pressing problem of conquering "worry."

Carnegie's method, or rather lack of it, was to toss together a mass of semi-solicited testimonials, upon which he built his generalizations, or platitudes, many of which may be found, in better prose, in the Bible. There is no need to dwell on the spurious, though no doubt misguidedly sincere, methodology of this "researcher," beyond pointing out its economic advantage to all concerned, which read—"A free copy of this book, autographed by Dale Carnegie, will be sent to you if your letter is used." Since page after page is quotation or free summary from the letters of those suffering from "worry," a heavy cream of cultural reference is poured

on the whole, just as the patina of religious sentiment is constantly waxed on top of the money-ethics dished out in response to the troubled testimonials. Marcus Aurelius, Emerson, Milton, Carlyle, Tolstoy, Thoreau, Pericles, Lincoln, Hardy, Montaigne (a Carnegie favorite), André Maurois, St. Francis, Kipling, Swift, Tchaikovsky, such is the polyglot grab-bag from which Carnegie ripped quotations out of context, in order to provide an air of research. On a single page of *How To Stop Worrying* there are quotations from Milton, Napoleon, Helen Keller, Emerson, Epictetus, Montaigne, Dr. G. Canby Robinson, and William James; on only half a page of this same volume the following are quoted—Dantè, Montaigne, Ruskin, Kalidasa, Psalm CXVIII, and Sir William Osler. As for *How To Win Friends*, the reader is made punch-drunk by allusions—Zorcoaster, Dutch Schultz, Thomas Chatterton, Theodore Roosevelt, John Dewey, Emerson, Madame Schumann-Heink (?), Confucius, Lord Chesterfield, Chaliapin, Robert Browning. Over all is inscribed Abe Lincoln, just as Carnegie is disarmingly introduced to us here as "this Missouri lad who once picked strawberries and cut cockleburs for five cents an hour." All this, of course, is the crammed briefcase, the pile of notes, reports, digests, mimeographed memoranda, and suchlike with which the contemporary politician in this country pretends to bamboozle the public. Senator McCarthy seldom appears in action without sheafs of supposed documentation. And occasionally Carnegie got lost or caught up in his sources. There are hints that the author of *How To Stop Worrying*—"this erstwhile cowboy who once punched cattle and branded calves"—saw himself as a second Ezekiel, or miraculously transported to Parnassus. For in this work alone Dale Carnegie compared Dale Carnegie to Aristotle, Paul Valéry ("the French philosopher"), and Tolstoy ("Gilbert and Sullivan paid too much for their whistle. So did Dale Carnegie—on many occasions. And so did the immortal Tolstoy.").

The obvious note of the hick in this cul-

tural scrambling of civilizations sets the tone for the name-dropping that goes on in the workaday section of the book, that part for which it is really bought, namely the advice on how to make good, or how to be smart without being caught. Arthur Hays Sulzberger (Editor of the *New York Times*), Merle Oberon, Winston Churchill, Eleanor Roosevelt, Henry Ford, Jack Dempsey, Bernard Baruch, these are just a few of the eminent, the "men of distinction," with whom the reader will rub shoulders via personal interview. In fact, however, the meat of *How To Stop Worrying* really comes from middle-class sources. Few big names would commit themselves in print to the kind of servile encomium for conformity that Dale Carnegie presented—"No more worry for me . . . I concentrated all my time, energy, and enthusiasm into selling those blocks," "The results were unbelievable. In a very short time, I had raised the cash value of every visit I made from \$2.80 to \$4.27 a call" (note the precise computation), "From that day on my sales zoomed," etc., etc. Yet although, in *How To Stop Worrying*, Carnegie assured the reader of the direct nature of his evidence—"I am happy to say that you won't find in this book stories about an imaginary 'Mr. B—' or a vague 'Mary and John' whom no one can identify"—most of the aces in his deck came from anonymous donors: "I have not used his real name" (p. 46), "I know a woman in California—I won't mention her name" (p. 97), "I am calling this woman Mary Cushman" (p. 154), and so forth.

After some two hundred and more pages aimed at keeping our spirits high, then, *How To Stop Worrying* ends on bathos: a batch of "True Stories" and some down-to-earth budgetary advice. The latter is by far the best thing in the Carnegian opus—"Do Not have your life insurance proceeds paid to your widow in cash" and "Don't gamble—ever"—and may conceivably have been suggested by the earlier phenomenal sales of Marjorie Hillis's *Orchids On Your Budget*. After the sensible suggestions of this section, including a plug for an excellent book on

income tax problems put out by Carnegie's own publishers, "wham! wham! wham! wham! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!" writes the Proprietor of the Blackwood-Davis Business College, "Six major troubles hit me all at once." Dorothy Dix, Gene Autry, Jack Dempsey, Connie Mack, and other intellectual giants contributed a set of letters, some of which have to be read to be believed. Here a few titles must suffice: "I Can Turn Myself into a Shouting Optimist Within An Hour," "I Have Always Tried to Keep My Line of Supplies Open," "I Lived in the Garden of Allah," "I Was 'The Worrying Wreck from Virginia Tech.,"' "I Was Acting Like an Hysterical Woman," "I Got Rid of Stomach Ulcers and Worry By Changing My Job," and, the best of the bunch in my opinion, "I Learned to Stop Worrying by Watching My Wife Wash Dishes" contributed by a certain Reverend William Wood, also afflicted with stomach ulcers.

Carnegie's first, ultimate, and indeed only solution for "worry" is conformity or herdism. His chapter titles themselves indicate a kind of abased concertina-ing of spiritual and financial practice: "Put a 'Stop-Loss' Order on Your Worries," or, a tag taken from a President of Sears, Roebuck, it seems, "If You Have a Lemon, Make a Lemonade." Part Four of *How To Stop Worrying* really attacks all desire for individuality, "this craving to be something you are not." As Carnegie put it, "You can't be a parrot." I.e., stay an ape.

Peale also preaches rigid adherence to the status quo; for my money, however, Peale lacks the daring of Carnegie, whose extraordinary brashness had a sort of toughness and stamina about it, at its best. Nearly every case history in *Faith Is The Answer*, in which Peale collaborates with "Smiley" Blanton (and the epigraph to which is Spinoza's "Do Not Weep; Do Not Wax Indignant. Understand"), is anonymous—John G., Mary M., and so on. Peale is much more definitely in the pulpit than Carnegie and his *Confident Living*—twenty-four printings in three and a half years—

constantly retreats before every problem to something called "faith." Prayer cures all, and the big names dragged into *Positive Thinking*, from Will Rogers to Henry Kaiser, are shown more often on their knees than upright. (At one point in this book Peale even gets down on his hands and knees.)

Fulton J. Sheen, in a number of enormously successful uplift books, draws even further away from reality than Peale, and provides fairly tasteful and perhaps helpful religious tractates. Sheen gives little if any big-business advice—what he does offer is largely in the matter of familial and marital relations—and his writings keep close to the Gospels, especially that of St. John. He makes comparatively few pretensions and, indeed, continually counsels humility, rather than "power."

It is hard to say about anyone as generalized as Sheen, but certainly neither Carnegie nor Peale have the first understanding of the true nature of American reality and thus, within the social structure, neither is interested in kind, only in degree. Both, as a result, are the most crashing snobs imaginable, as well as constantly falling back on the convenient glow aroused by religious connotations, Peale more than Carnegie who is occasionally rather pagan in tone for my taste. And at this point I must confess that I have never been one to admire the numerous attempts to turn Christ into a big-business man. These books may well descend from the idea of God as "the great geometer" in the 17th century, from Gasendi, and later from Paley or La Mettrie (author of *L'Homme-Machine*), but I do not find them any more attractive for that.

What really emerges from Peale's and Carnegie's "documentation" of our days is an awful litany of social misdirection. The world of these business men, insurance salesmen, bankers, auto dealers, sales analysts, public accountants, company attorneys, traveling salesmen, a world which Carnegie in one place, cribbing from Shakespeare, calls "God's green footstool," is a world of "cold perspirations," of would-be suicides, of

lonely women, amputated elevator-men, girls crying themselves to sleep, hymn-singers, cultists, all living under the shadow of the "hot squat" and all inwardly eaten by that symbol of modern masochism, ulcers. These last occur with pathological regularity in Carnegie's victims, "eating the lining of my stomach," "flaring like fire," and so forth. And hot on these cries of agony, these contemporary "sighs from hell," come the others—"already borrowed \$350,000 from the banks," "My electrical-appliance business had gone on the rocks," and so on. ("The Company of the Lonely" is thus one of "Smiley" Blanton's recent chapters, "Prescription for Heartache" one of Peale's.) Nor must it be imagined that this human flotsam of "high-tension living," as Carnegie calls our daily life in America, is confessedly psychoneurotic; few of those who write in to Carnegie seem to have consulted psychiatrists. And indeed, while Carnegie does his utmost to conciliate every possible shade of opinion or, to draw from *How To Win Friends*, "appeal to everybody" ("Although I am a Protestant I frequently, on weekday afternoons, drop into St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue"), he is obviously antagonistic to genuine psychotherapy. Peale, meanwhile, in *Positive Thinking*, refers to his former collaborator "Smiley" Blanton as that "eminent psychiatrist." Freud only rates one index entry in *How To Stop Worrying*, where, alongside quotations from Francis Bacon, Henry Ford ("I believe God is managing affairs . . ."), and Jesus Christ, we read:

The newest of all sciences—psychiatry—is teaching what Jesus taught. Why? Because psychiatrists realize that prayer and a strong religious faith will banish the worries, the anxieties, the strains and fears that cause more than half of all our ills. They know, as one of their leaders, Dr. A. A. Brill, said: "Anyone who is truly religious does not develop a neurosis."

After this, which travesties religion as much as it does psychiatry, we might be permitted to point a Freudian finger to Carnegie's own youth, to his admitted infantile traumata, to his terror of being buried alive that sent him sobbing to his mother and to his later

compensation in his longing to be an actor and consequent enrollment in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. From this it was but a step to the Dale Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations, Inc.

For there is something unhealthy in Carnegie's morbid emphasis on the shortness of life and on the fear of death, shown more than anything in his terror-tactic of re-iterating ad nauseam the incidence of death-dealing diseases, such as cancer, infantile paralysis, high-blood pressure, ulcers, to say nothing of auto accidents. The exaggerated fear of death, with which America is so glibly charged, is simply a common urban affliction, and Carnegie was one aspect of this affliction. Despite his Missouri homestead, few farmers seem to have come to him for counsel. But the falsity of his philosophy, the blind-leading-the-blind incongruity of dragooning medieval and Oriental thinkers behind this ethic, results in the most alarming feature of the Carnegian system, a note of despair approaching, at times, sheer panic.

I would like to have the title of this chapter tattooed on the breast of every reader of this book: "Businessmen who do not know how to fight worry die young."

Since death is everywhere in "God's green footstool," worry which brings death must be fought. For when worry, or the "wibber gibbers," or what Carnegie also calls "the beetles" of businessmen (and Sheen "the cobras of the night") get you, then, "your screams will make the sounds in Dante's *Inferno* sound like *Babes in Toyland*." However, worry is not fought with intelligence. As teaching is a modestly paid, yet emotionally rewarding, profession in the U.S.A., there are few teachers yipping in success-story testimonials to Carnegie. No, Carnegie fought worry in the name of "repose" or "leisure," both little-used words with very pejorative referents in his repertoire of witch-doctory.

Now there is no doubt but that the works of Peale and Carnegie supply the contemporary equivalent of the Puritan sermon, or

of something like Beecher's *Plymouth Pulpit. Lift Up Your Heart*, by Fulton Sheen, *Hope For The Troubled*, by Lucy Freeman, another expert at avoiding antidotes for anxiety, what do such titles do but echo the innumerable *Profitable Meditations*, the *Sighs from Hell*, the *Plaine Mans Pathway to Heaven*, of the 17th century? One can go so far as to say that the "gimmick" title of Puritan tradition has been retained in our current uplift books. Carnegie's compendium titles derive straight from a mass of similarly-titled Puritan pamphlets, all balanced in some such way as the celebrated *Heights in Depths* and *Depths in Heights* of the Ranter, Joseph Salmon. More specifically, the shock Puritan titles, like *The Dippers Dipt* or Abiezer Coppe's *Fiery Flying Roll*, for instance, are reduced to Carnegie's ludicrous chapter headings where glibness substitutes for truth, such as "If You Want to Gather Honey, Don't Kick Over the Beehive" or "The Movies Do It. Radio Does It. Why Don't You Do It?" from *How To Win Friends*, and "Don't Try To Saw Sawdust" or that ineffable piece of Realpolitik "If You Have a Lemon, Make A Lemonade" from *How To Stop Worrying*.

Benjamin Franklin, with his shrewd shopkeeper's mentality, further anticipated Messrs. Carnegie and Peale. In his *Autobiography* Franklin formulated rules for life and checked his adherence to them on a chart. These rules, based on the principle "Imitate Jesus and Socrates" (Carnegie's two perceptors), like the maxims of "Your Servant, SILENCE DOGOOD," may well have given Carnegie a hint or two, here and there. Thus Franklin writes:

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

This seems to me precisely Carnegie's Rule I (or First Commandment), less the pietistically Biblical language:

Rule I: Keep Busy. The worried person must lose himself in action, lest he wither in despair.

But such origins, far from endowing the Carnegie-Peale ethic with prestige, expose it, in my opinion, for the militant utilitarianism it is. "Our trouble," Carnegie wrote in

How To Stop Worrying, "is not ignorance, but inaction." In a chapter of *The Power of Positive Thinking* called "How To Have Constant Energy" Peale entirely agrees, even advocating relaxation through activity: "If your mind is intensely interested, you can keep on at an activity indefinitely." And he falls back on one of his countless "physicians"—"It is not hard work that drains off energy but emotional upheaval." "Leisure," both for Carnegie and Franklin, "is Time for doing something useful." Either might have written this; in fact, the latter did, in *The Way To Wealth*, first printed as an opener to *Poor Richard's Almanac* for 1758. "Trouble springs from Idleness," Franklin went on here, "and grievous Toil from needless Ease." Ah, needless ease! It is but a step from "needless" ease to ideas like the following, also culled from Franklin: "I began to suspect that this doctrine, tho' it might be true, was not very useful."

By now no one needs to be told that this is the Puritan ideal—busy-ness—run amok, with all its undertow of despair and hysteria, its terror of the life of the psyche (plus Bunyanesque visions of witches being ridden like bay mares), with its vulgar inhibitions, and, last but not least, its fervent anti-intellectualism. For how often teachers seem to be reproved by Carnegie and Peale, from all the elevation of their B.P.d.'s. In a current series of articles he is contributing to a well-known national magazine, Peale answers an alleged student's question as to what to do about a teacher who is clearly disinterested in religion, on that note of baffled emotion with which I recall my Headmaster announcing that England had just lost the Davis Cup to France. True, Peale does not openly advise the student to turn the teacher in to the F.B.I., but short of this the teacher is to be thoroughly suspected. *How To Win Friends* is filled with exempla of success, such as Andrew Carnegie, who got to the top without schooling. In *Positive Thinking* Peale deals with a "cranky" student, his advice to the lad being, "Who wants to be an old bookworm

anyway? . . . In class, when the teacher calls on you, quickly pray before answering."

In passing, I should perhaps clarify that a "cranky" child today is a child who reads. I take it that one may refer to an organ like *Better Homes and Gardens* ("serving more than 4,250,300 families") as representative. An article in this journal, for November 1953, is but one of many along this line. It is entitled "If Your Child Is Different," and begins with the frightful warning: "For a long time now you've been worried about Johnny. You lie awake nights grieving because he is not like other children." A number of "danger signals" of such difference are listed—perhaps your child "likes to be alone? . . . is secretive and moody? . . . always rebels? . . . is a bookworm?" The most embarrassing thing for the parents presented in this article seems to be to have a "gifted" (or "cranky") child. "We must not imagine," we are primly informed, as the conclusion to some strictures directed against talented children, "that every differentness in our children is a mark of genius—nor should we always believe, without some consideration, that 'it's all right to be different.'" In exactly the same way we are told, at the end of an entirely similar article in this same magazine for September 1953:

Being a well-adjusted person is more important for happy, successful living than merely being a person with a superior intellect. (My italics.) In the same way, then, Carnegie gloats, "I have known thousands of successful men who never went beyond high school." I thought I had read all this before, in seventeenth-century English literature, and so I had: e.g. Samuel How's Puritan pamphlet, *The Sufficiencie of the Spirits Teaching without humane learning*. Or a *Treatise tending to prove Human-learning to be no help to the spiritual understanding of the Word of God*. In short, the meditations must be profitable, the pilgrim must make progress. We are all, once again, "traders in manna." And to this noble end the "Secret of Socrates" (in *How To Win Friends*) becomes, "Get the other person saying 'yes, yes' immediately."

The social organism in which this ethic (if it may be dignified with the term) had its origin, or at least its real urgency, its compulsive Anglo-Saxon *libido*, was one that had inherited the characteristic thesis of Greek thought that the immutable has greater value than the variable. Francis Bacon was one of the first of his time, closely followed by lesser souls like Hake-will, to sense change as progress, and to promote, as Farrington phrases it, "the marriage between natural philosophy and industrial production." Baconian science was undeniably based on social motives and what carried it forward so rapidly was its simultaneous doctrine of change and social amelioration, together with its actual program of the synonymy of moral and material welfare. Moreover, Bacon's separation of science and divinity made it possible for Puritans to embrace the new sciences without compromise to their religious convictions, and so consolidated science as a weapon in the general social advance until pamphlets began to appear with such omnibus titles as *The Relief of the Poore: and Advancement of Learning Proposed*.

Carnegie and Peale seem to me naively to accept the dangerous moral-material synthesis of Baconian science, while reversing the spirit of the Royal Society and finding no social obligations, no duties to mankind at large, beside their new-won rights. The Peale-Carnegie product is after "power." He gets "power" by stopping worrying and, having got "power," it is supposed that he will improve morally. What long cry this *Macht-politik* is from nineteenth-century Protestantism, or even from the Christianity of a Newman, a Maurice who could write that "a true socialism is the necessary result of a sound Christianity." As Alex Comfort has recently put it, in England, "A Christianity which preferred railways to horseback had to come to terms with Darwin." Far more than Sheen, Peale really mistrusts the intellect, seeing it invariably opposed to "faith," whereas the intelligence may be the greatest ally of religion, particularly in a world such as our own where current forms are revolu-

tionizing themselves so rapidly. We are faced, whether we like it or not, with a dynamic theory of nature in America, and an approach to society that is almost totally static, as in the Peale-Carnegie system, is only going to produce a fruitless paradox. Indeed, the frantic exhortations to get going are simply evidence of the static, and fundamentally authoritarian, nature of the calls from these new muezzine. Personally I prefer to take it easy than read Walter B. Pitkin's *Take It Easy!* (1935).

For this reason the contemporary uplift book is far too good to be true. And, of course, it is not true. In the Peale-Carnegie system, it stands to reason, the man who works hard will be the least worried. But the paragons of executive success who send in for the universal panacea work like blazes, it seems, and yet they are all screaming from "the beetles." Put on the right road to less worry, these characters apparently build up multi-million dollar businesses by doing just as much work, and no more. Idly one wonders what happens to all those unnamed companies squeezed out by the ultra-efficiency of the Evans Products Company, the Penney Stores, and the other businesses quoted by Carnegie. Presumably the displaced workers concerned must be content with Rule 2:

Let's never try to get even with our enemies, because if we do we will hurt ourselves far more than we hurt them. Let's do as General Eisenhower does: let's never waste a minute thinking about people we don't like.

This mellow pacifism, we are told, is not only what Christ counselled, but, obviously more important, is what *Life Magazine* advocates:

"The chief personality characteristic of persons with hypertension (high blood pressure) is resentment," said *Life*. "When resentment is chronic, chronic hypertension and heart trouble will follow." So you see that when Jesus said, "Love your enemies," He was not only preaching sound ethics, He was also preaching twentieth-century medicine.

Apart from the appalling advertisement of America these latter-day ranters provide, then, with all their defeatism and despair, their parade of a people longing for only one thing, money, their insecurity and

flashy erudition, I cannot help feeling there is a good deal of the devil in this whole philosophy. In an article in *The Reporter* for January 13, 1955, entitled "Some Negative Thinking About Norman Vincent Peale," William Lee Miller is even more critical of "the rich man's Billy Graham," as he irreverently calls "Dr." Peale, finding a tincture of both blasphemy and Republicanism (the worst of both possible worlds?) in *The Power of Positive Thinking*:

Dr. Peale's book is not much else than an extension of the advertisements of that same book, telling again between the covers, with further testimonials, what we have already been told, on the jacket and in the ads: This method WORKS.

The inflexible, even dogmatic, view of religion taken by the Peale-Carnegie uplift book precludes any adjustment of religious concepts to the contemporary world. A view of our supernatural destiny as something between Ouida and Samuel Smiles cannot help but cause damage to the social fabric and deeply unsettle many needy individuals. A lack of any understanding of the world, sold (and sold in drug-stores) as a text-book to living, means that tensions must be set up when the visionaries of the Peale-Carnegie persuasion come into any jarring contact with reality, not to say with those who have genuinely felt God's presence in the modern world.

For surely this facile synthesis of the moral and material is precisely what we are contesting today, in the death-throes of Marxism. (It is not for nothing that Bacon

has lately been taken to the bosom of the Marxists.) Power, Vigor, Energy, Efficiency: this is the same troika that rushes the Russians on. Indeed, the whole Peale-Carnegie approach to knowledge strikes me as culturally reminiscent of the Marxist's with its unquestioning "truths," its blind (and often bigoted) "faiths," its selected (and often bowdlerized) "great books," its appeal to concepts which lag behind the whole social movement and destiny, with — finally — its hideous conformity. No, *How To Get Things Done* (Seabury and Uhler), *Make Up Your Mind* (Wilson), *Keeping Mentally Alive* (Cotton), these calls are anything but on the side of the angels, with their constant implication that to be poor is to be sinful. (In fact, a sort of moral stigma is attached to a rotting ulcer.) The only really solid citizens in *How To Stop Worrying* struck me as the inmates of Sing-Sing, who astonished Carnegie with their apparent harmony. No doubt they had followed his Rule 4 ("Co-operate with the inevitable"). But forcible conformity is not everyone's recipe for the good life, nor has the human animal found true deliverance through the opium of forced labor. Grotesquely in vain these voices call us, from the edge of the abyss. Growing annually more frantic, and more repetitive (Peale's "repetitious emphasis" is the technique of Goebbels and equally fruitless), they fade finally from memory, like the invocations of nightmares.

THE UNTOUCHABLE

BY LARRY RUBIN

At first he did not think I knew the pain
Of excommunication: the sound trap
In the concert hall, the desk in the alcove,
His mother tugging him all the way
To the back—
A sterilized formality to prevent
His tainted genes from touching holiness.
But my mother was born in White Russia,
A land made pure by czarist pogroms.
She was the wretched refuse Liberty

Welcomes. The Sabbath candles still were lighted,
Though I had run all the way from school.
White Senators have called my people names;
Religion is never discussed at teas I attend;
Through years of polite welcomes I have learned
To sit in mental alcoves.

At first he did not think I knew the pain;
But when our eyes met, he made room,
And we sat quietly together.

The University and Industrial Research

By SHERWIN LANDFIELD

FOR BETTER OR WORSE the American university is not the ivory-towered hide-away that some think it is. It is too large and important to hide. Often it is found in the very eddies of the city's swirling currents. More and more of its students are adults—too close to life to separate their studies from their other activities. In short, our campuses are increasingly sensitive to the moods and needs of the non-academic world.

One of the proofs of this claim is a new college invention, a new collaboration found more and more often nestled in the ivy-walled buildings across the country. The general public is hardly aware of it. The invention can't be patented. The collaboration is no plot and can't be prosecuted. It benefits union man, business man, and teaching man alike.

What is it? This new item on our American industrial scene, this new tool, is the IRC—the Industrial Relations Center. It carries different names as well. It does not do the same jobs wherever it springs up—but it springs up often enough these days to be pinned down under a title, spotlighted, examined, criticized and hurraed.

What does it do? For whom? With what? and why? For an abbreviated answer we can say that if the business executive or the union executive has problems involving people—as human beings—the IRC will bring its tools to bear on the problem. It uses its teachers, its students, its specialists to help. And the help will be in study, in research, in consultation, in training, and in exploration. Let's examine a concrete case.

President Harvey Kronen of Consolidated Bottling has a thriving soft-drink company—or so it seems. Mr. Kronen earns \$75,000 a

year without too much effort, but he smells trouble. He has too much of a fight with the main union at the plant when contracts expire. In between, it seems to him, there is a steady stream of grievances from his workers. He uses few scarce technicians but is always looking for workers to fill out his pay-roll. His supervisors seem to leave for better jobs, just when he is about ready to promote them. All this, and other symptoms, don't really threaten his company today. Business is good! Two things stirred him to action. One—The feeling that other companies seemed to operate with less pain. The other—The question of whether he would come through intact if his business conditions should sour.

President Kronen was a good technical man. He knew his machines, his finances, his sales picture. He sensed that if something was wrong it had nothing to do with these questions. Between one thing and another he had been able to enjoy only one year of college. But it was enough for that school to consider him theirs and they sent him a lot of mail about the campus and most of it added up to a request for contributions. But some of the folders spoke about the school's activities—particularly new ones. And when the first annual report of their new Industrial Relations Center was summarized in the alumni newsletter it caught his eye.

The upshot was a series of conferences between some of Consolidated top men and some of the key people at the Center. In a matter of months the University conducted a morale survey of the plant involving everyone employed there. Their attitudes toward their jobs, their supervisors, their fellow workers, their future, their pay and many

like matters were weighed, sifted, compared and added up. When this project was completed, Consolidated and Kronen had an accurate pulse count of his people.

Subsequent discussions between the Center and the Company resulted in a further agreement for three consecutive training programs based on their discoveries in the plant. They had good evidence that the foremen at Consolidated had never really accepted the union's recognition and were resisting it, with certain natural results. The first program was to be a labor relations program based on a series of frank conferences about the rights and duties of company and union and their labor contract.

The second need seemed to be to develop the supervisors as career people more closely committed to the firm. To this end a program of training was planned to explain the company to middle management in the firm and one branch of it to another. The history of Consolidated was unfolded and its potential and plans were revealed to its future leaders. In this communicating process some of the more promising managers were recognized and a pattern of replacement timber began to seem practical.

The third training phase was a basic program of human relations. It followed from a recognition that the indispensable element in industry and business is people. Talk is more often of machines and resources and funds so that "number one"—individual workers—are taken for granted with normal human consequences. Neglected men no less than neglected machines squeak, rust, stall and finally quit.

It would be too pat to say that President Kronen and his company all lived happily ever after. New problems arose. Not all the old ones were solved. There were mistakes and false starts. But the company had seized more of its destiny in its own hands. It had engaged itself in educational enterprise of a positive and progressive nature. The university would be better equipped itself to teach these matters, to train students, to conduct research in this area as a result of its experience with the company.

Our "case-study" is of a company. But similar stories have involved unions and their training needs. Many centers not only serve both of these two parts of the industrial society, some even combine union and management officials in some classes, as at Yale.

What else does an IRC do? It fosters research, preferably of an original and basic nature. There are many matters of industrial relations in which companies and unions do not ordinarily conduct pure research. Why do workers resist incentive systems? Why do they hold back on production? Why does management feel that unions want to participate in running the company? To whom are workers loyal? The list is long.

Why is it a university's job to do these things? Who else is better fitted by their very definition, to attempt an objective task in these controversial, perplexing areas of our society? The campus has many resources and it can bring to bear upon such questions the facilities of the economist, political scientist, sociologist, psychologist, historian, business educator, philosopher, lawyer and such others as may be required. The well formed center has no more interdepartmental barriers in its structure than the human problems with which it is concerned. Since a task of higher education is the training of both the generalist and specialist in these questions, participation in this huge and natural laboratory is an enriching experience. The health of the university and the health of industry are certainly related and both are reflections of a healthy society.

The appearance of the industrial relations center is principally a post-World War II phenomenon. To take one aspect alone, not more than 10 years ago the National Industrial Conference Board set out to study training programs for executives and a survey showed so little grist for their mill that the project was dropped for lack of material on which to report. This is certainly not true today. Work of great promise is being conducted at centers at universities like Minnesota, Cornell, Chicago, Stanford, Harvard, M.I.T., Yale, Princeton, Michigan,

Columbia, California, to sample the list, and other countries than ours are becoming active. One of the popular tours for foreign specialists of both labor and industry is through these industrial relations centers.

But how did all of this come about? What is behind this meeting of what seemed like divergent paths so short a time ago? Part of this change is certainly due to the maturation of many of our business leaders. The questions raised by the sobering experience of the last great depression and the last great war were high incentives to search for answers among experts wherever they might be found. The arrival of mass unionization and the laws and strife which accompanied it made review and reflection desirable by both the unionist and those affected by his efforts.

The fact that the social sciences were coming of age not only made serious contributions on their part possible but inevitable. Increasing specialization has aided the realization that more solutions are possible, and the professional feeling which results gives one more objectivity and less arrogance in searching for alternative courses of action different from those previously considered.

There is now more acceptance on the part of business of its debt to the scholar, of the necessity for enlarged governmental activity and of the coming of age of the union. Similarly have these others readjusted their thinking to the times. Cooperative action begins to seem as apropos as competitive striving.

There are more subtle influences that have contributed to this new work and new approach. Leaders of economic activities have increasingly accepted the importance of the non-economic in their spheres. The role of power, the motivation of prestige, the desire for recognition are getting considerable study and are being planned into the organization. The center is the grandchild of the industrial revolution, the managerial revolution, the French and American revolutions. But if it is dedicated to a notion it is probably that of human relations and the humanity of society. Credit here must

be given to what is being called the behavioral sciences and to the humanities themselves. It is no coincidence that there is increased interest in pedagogy today in so-called liberal or general education.

Time and again in industrial relations one hears direct reference to the Golden Rule, verbatim or paraphrased. Here we have a clue to the essentially ancient nature of the problem and the interrelatedness of the Industrial Relations Center to the search for the good life in general.

One final word in exploring and explaining the dawn of this trinity of collaboration. The activities we have been describing are essentially educational. Education has traditionally been thought of in terms of the immature and the adolescent. The future labor or business leader has had little but education up to a certain point in his life and thereafter just about none. Yet the kind of education we have been speaking about here is highly adult. It adds up then that there has been a scholastic reformation in recent decades known as adult education or continuing education. This is a very long and dramatic story in itself. But in brief we can say that the last quarter of a century has seen a major unfolding in our country to the point where as many adults are enrolled in courses of study as non-adults.

Adult education has paved the way for the center through its objectives, its methods and its determination. It says that adults can learn, it constructs better ways of learning and it offers a multitude of agencies to accomplish the fact. The adult educators of library, night school, YMCA, university extension, and a host of others stand ready to back up the Industrial Relations Center in disseminating its information and its goals. The arrival, maturation and professionalization of adult education have made feasible the invention of the industrial relations center.

A qualifying word at this point—these centers are not the sole bearers of the new thoughts and works we have spelled out. Unions and corporations are carrying on much of this work on their own. The com-

mercial management consultants, engineers, and researchers are busy with these problems. Professional societies such as the American Management Association, and even law firms have become part of this story. It should be added too that even where no formal center exists on campus there may be an informal, unstructured one in the consultant role which departmental professors, as well as center staff, are usually so willing to undertake. One of the attractions of this work is the knowledge that supplementary experiences and finances may come at any time in the performance of part-time guidance and counseling functions to industrial society.

It is not unexpected that an institution and a concept as new as the one we have been describing has neither jelled into a fixed pattern nor solved all of its principal problems. There is the problem of the pressure from business for quick results. Business deals with the urgent and the scheduled and the university works best outside of this pattern. Industry's programs are short-run, whereas campus life is dedicated to the long haul. Industry can pay good money to the center if it conforms to the ways of the business world and the temptation is strong to succumb. The center peculiarly located in the half-world between Main Street and College Avenue has some of the trappings, feelings and destinies of both. Its morale and its emotions are often mixed.

There are no ready-made blueprints to fit all of the infinite varieties of human nature. Yet the ready made package, and the pre-assembled answer are seductive in their lower costs. They offer the possibility of handling many "clients" and establishing a large organization and a wide reputation. At the least this approach can bring in money to accomplish other more traditional functions that are not self-supporting. Succumbing to these blandishments leaves the center open to charges of commercialization and makes it difficult to separate it from its cousin, the management consultant firm. The latter objects when it sees the campus doing jobs that it can handle, and on its part the

center may begrudge the notion that if there is money involved it should leave it alone.

Another dilemma of the center is in deciding what to do with its uncoverings and discoveries. Should they be disseminated broadly and freely, as rapidly as possible, to do the most good? Or should they be tagged with a fee, to pay the center's way, or even pay the way of other parts of the campus? Some university research foundations take on this money-raising role for the school and become a sort of scientific football stadium.

There is some discussion too about the extent to which such centers should become industrial colleges—that is, in addition to conducting the one-day institute sort of thing for releasing their own experiences, should they act as middlemen for any sort of information for any sort of industrial group? Or just how far should they go?

Finally, clearly unsettled is the question of whether unions and management should both belong to the same center. If they do, one or the other may get a subordinate role in the organization and it may appear to be just a "ringer" to give the semblance of balance. In addition there is sometimes discomfort in subsidizing the more poorly supported "half" by the richer, usually industry. If the center becomes either union or management alone, there are often charges of one-sidedness in approach. The center seems committed emotionally to the one group and its objectivity is questioned by faculty and students on the campus as well as off. And it can sometimes be a difficult matter to separate artificially matters that are of both labor and capital.

These then are some of the whys and wherefores of the new campus creature—The Industrial Relations Center. Its hopes are high, its growth rapid, its support gratifying, its problems not to be ignored, its future promising.

... Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you will reach your destiny.

CARL SCHURZ

Stephen S. Wise, Profile of a Leader*

By LOUIS LIPSKY

STEPHEN S. WISE was one of the founders of the American Zionist organization and its best known leader for half a century. But it would be unfair to claim that his colorful personality was limited to one area of public life. He followed many lights. His was not a single-track mind. He was a leader of many causes. To Jews he was a commanding figure in and out of all parties. Wherever he took his stand, he had his own accent and was likely at any moment to breach the program and the tactics of the issue in which he was interested. He was a Reform rabbi, but seldom conformed to the dogmas and strategies of Reform Judaism. He was often at odds with Orthodox Judaism, but as he became older he had a reluctant sympathy for the old piety and old customs. He used to say that he was a "general" Zionist, but he ranged freely from one party to another and the end of his life saw him embrace all Zionist parties in an upsurge of sentiment, when the Flag of Israel was raised.

So too in American life. To his non-Jewish friends (and they were legion) he was the broad-minded American rabbi who "raised his voice" for every humanitarian cause, regardless of creed, nationality or race. He was an admirer of Theodore Roosevelt. He was a Wilsonian Democrat. On occasion, he stood with the insurgents of both major parties. All his life he fought municipal corruption under whatever banner it paraded; and he was relentless in opposition to Tammany Hall. He was as ready to fight as to support the party in which he was

enrolled. He was never frightened by the bogey of consistency. He followed his own daemon. He waited for the spark that ignited his spirit to free his speech. It was a sense of justice or humanity; it was friendship or prejudice; often it was excess of indignation or just temperament; and more often it was the glimpse of an inspiring phrase which he seized with swift passion and made the most of. He could not endure shackles. He would not walk a straight line. He had no respect for logic. But, in the last analysis, no matter what might have been the aberration, he was the prodigal son returning to his own people in every crisis, marching along with them wherever they were going.

II

When Herzl's Jewish State startled the Jewish world, Wise was a young man just out of college. He was a post-graduate student at Columbia in the Semitics Department, studying under Professor Richard Gottheil. His father was a learned rabbi and wanted Stephen to follow in the family tradition and also to become a rabbi. Through his father's influence Wise secured his first pulpit. It was the Bnai Jeshurun Congregation of New York. The writer was a stranger in the city at the time and by chance heard Wise preach on a Sabbath morning. It was a modified Orthodox service. In spite of his youth, Wise was an impressive figure in a gown, a mitred hat and a high church turned collar. He was even then the master of ritual and form and knew how to use his resonant voice. But he was not at home there. What kind of a rabbi he was to be—whether a rabbi at all!—was not clear to him then. He was not a graduate of a rabbinical seminary.

* From A GALLERY OF ZIONIST PROFILES by Louis Lipsky. To be published in November, 1956 by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc. \$3.75.

His father wanted him to turn his mind to scholarly pursuits, but evidently did not succeed. His education did not include more than a contact of courtesy with Hebraic or Talmudic tradition. He was more at home with the New England Transcendentalists, with the leaders of the Unitarian Church, with the son of a rabbi—Felix Adler—who had rejected Judaism and founded the Society for Ethical Culture. The larger part of Wise's cultural equipment was American. He had not found the springs of the Jewish renaissance which were then effervescent in Eastern Europe. He was an isolated figure looking to the right and to the left, uncertain of the way he should go.

The Jewish community of that period—as he saw it—was drab, parochial and unattractive. The older settlers from Germany were ridden by rabbis educated in Germany, many of whom were still speaking German and preaching an easy unresisting assimilation and a universalism based on the prophets, a "mission" which had no missionaries. The newcomers from Eastern Europe were crowded into the east side, with their own language, their own traditions, their own press, struggling to find a place in the new world, but determined to do that in their own way. The two groups seldom met as brethren. Philanthropy was the only bridge that brought them together, but not as equals. They had different standards and clashing hopes. The Hebrew Union College was graduating young rabbis who were sent forth to Americanize their congregations. The Jewish Theological Seminary, based on conservative ideas, was in the first stage of its development. The east-side Yeshivas were merely inadequate replicas of their East European models.

The call of Theodor Herzl determined Wise's destiny. Herzl's pronouncements in the European press, the support given his views by Max Nordau, the press agency of Israel Zangwill, the calling of the First Zionist Congress, the protest of the rabbis of Munich, the attacks of the Anglo-Jewish community and of Orthodox rabbis everywhere gave Wise his cue for action. Here

was a cause which was in need of militant advocacy. He offered his services to Richard Gottheil, who was the first official Zionist spokesman in the United States. He got to know the American rabbis whose sympathies were with Zionism, the Jastrows, the venerable Gustave Gottheil, Benjamin Szold of Baltimore, Bernard Felsenthal of Chicago. He met Herzl and other Zionists in Europe. The isolation of Wise (as well as of American Jewry) was broken by the advance of Zionism. Thus, while in a general way Wise had a cursory knowledge of Jewish theology from German sources and from his father, his Jewish masters were not theologians or rabbis. They were Theodor Herzl and Max Nordau, whose sensational utterances at Zionist Congresses inspired an ever-growing Jewish interest in the United States. That movement thus conceived became the guide of his life, colored his thinking (but did not monopolize it) and gave what he said when he spoke on Jewish subjects a tone and dignity and purpose it could have acquired from no other source.

In the issues of *The American Hebrew* of over fifty years ago will be found the contributions of Wise which were tolerated by that publication because they were official communications. Zionism was being attacked on the editorial pages of *The American Hebrew* with consistent resentment of its intrusion on the American scene. But Wise did not remain long in New York. He left about 1900 to occupy a Reform pulpit in Portland, Oregon, where he remained for six years. It was a voluntary exile, for he could have remained in the East had he chosen. In Portland, he matured as rabbi, preacher and social worker. He was now a full-fledged Reform rabbi. He was interested in labor problems and municipal reform and national political issues. His qualities as an orator became known from coast to coast. He would return to the East on brief visits. He won friends in non-Jewish as well as Jewish circles. His going to Portland was due, it seems, to his secret hope that by serving as the rabbi of a Reform congregation, he would qualify for the

pulpit of Temple Emanuel of New York—proud citadel of Jewish wealth and social exclusiveness. He had a friend at court in the person of the venerable Rabbi Gustave Gottheil, but he was opposed and rejected by most of the lay leaders of the congregation. Fortunately for him and his people, he was not destined to be chained to that golden chariot, to be cribbed and cabined in thought and action. Upon the frustration of his ambition, he hit out for freedom through the Free Synagogue.

He was never intended to be the rabbi of a parish or congregation. He was more than a minister, whose sermons were incidental to parochial duties. He always saw himself standing on a platform addressing a multitude, arousing them to war against injustice, stirring the public conscience, preaching the brotherhood of man, regarding nothing human as alien to him. And he was determined that not only should his congregation hear what he had to say but that his words would push their way into the press, and win the larger audiences.

The Free Synagogue was his platform for fifty years. He became the boldest, the most exciting commentator on American and Jewish affairs. He took Felix Adler's place at Carnegie Hall. He sponsored lost causes with the fervor and fire of consecration. He was irrepressible and unpredictable, but always spoke his own mind. He could always be depended upon for audacity of attack, as the master of winged words, never to be controlled, reckless of the consequences to his own personal career. It was from the platform of the Free Synagogue that Wise took his stand on all the views of the day. He was concerned with national and state government. He was savage in his attacks on the municipal rotteness in New York and Philadelphia and all our large cities. He was a leader in defending civil and religious rights, in demanding that racial and religious discrimination cease. The suppression of minorities anywhere in the world aroused his denunciation and stormy protest. He associated himself with the apostles of freedom in all lands.

But the central theme of his varied interests, the most sacred of all causes which he served was the Zionist movement in which was included not only the ideal of a Jewish State in Palestine but the rebirth of the Jewish nation. In Zionism was included, so far as he was concerned, Jewish rights everywhere, Jewish democracy, Jewish survival. It was the American Jewish Congress and the World Jewish Congress; it was the structure of the Jewish community; it was Jewish education; it was resistance and protest all along the line against Jewish inequality; it was Jewish pride and dignity.

The first phase of modern Zionism was determined by Theodor Herzl. It was a matter of political negotiations and propaganda. Herzl's failure to win support from Germany and Turkey and the rejection by the Zionist Congress of England's offer of Uganda followed by Herzl's death closed that chapter of Zionist history. The successors of Herzl were unable to restore the political objective as the center of the movement until the beginning of World War I.

Wise was a political Zionist. It was Herzl's adventure and mission which stirred his imagination. He thought of Zionist leadership as associated almost exclusively with political propaganda. Of all Zionists in the first decade of the movement in the United States he had the qualifications and the desire to be of service in the political field. He became a political force in American life. He associated with political movements. He assiduously cultivated American political leaders. He had a deep interest in winning non-Jewish support for Zionism. In due course he had a large circle of political friends in every part and in all liberal circles, especially, who were sympathetic to the Zionist views of their favorite rabbi. He was a political friend of Woodrow Wilson as well as a leading democratic campaigner in that period. His name went a long way to help make Zionist ideals popular, although during that first decade he was more often than not on less than speaking terms with American Zionist leaders whom he classified as "cultur" Zionists.

He was never able to rid himself of the overwhelming influence of Theodor Herzl and the prejudices of that early period. He regarded the spiritual Zionism of Achad Haam as a form of opiate for the Jewish masses, which would keep them in the bondage of a culture that never would lead to political rebirth. The fact that members of the faculty of the Jewish Theological Seminary were the new leaders of American Zionism and that Judah L. Magnes was their spokesman did not help to reconcile Wise with what he regarded as new trends in Zionism. He sulked in his tent. He complained bitterly of the influence of Magnes and the Seminary but made no effort to counteract that influence.

When Louis D. Brandeis came to Zionism and headed the Provisional Zionist Committee, Wise returned to the Zionist fold. He saw Zionism again becoming a political force. His large influence in the Democratic Party and with President Wilson had a great deal to do with the final decision of the American Government to approve of the Balfour Declaration. Wilson recognized the intellectual leadership of Mr. Brandeis, but it was to Wise he looked for the political advocacy necessary to win public opinion for the cause and the Democratic Party. Thus Wise became one of the moulders of Zionist policy in the United States in one of its most critical moments. He was its most outstanding propagandist in non-Jewish circles. He was its most effective advocate with government authorities. From 1922 until the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, he was the most impressive public Jewish figure in Washington. He had taken on at that time the leadership of the American Jewish Congress, whose destiny he guided as well as the destiny of the World Jewish Congress which was organized in 1936. His great influence continued unabated through the Second World War, when he was the Chairman of the American Zionist Emergency Council and later its co-chairman with Abba Hillel Silver. When he withdrew from official leadership in the Council, relinquishing his authority

in favor of Dr. Silver, his voice was not muted. Again he reverted to his own platform, to his own audiences, to his own circles of influence and to the last days of his life retained his freedom.

* * *

He was an orator and preacher of the old school. His voice was deep and resonant and changeable. He had the equipment of a grand actor and used the platform not only for oratory but to present a dramatic performance, always thrilling, always moving and always loaded with effective phrases. He was capable of winning the applause of tremendous audiences. His name was on the list of speakers of many of the great meetings held in the largest halls for causes which stirred the whole country. He preached many a sermon well; he delivered many a eulogy with great pathos; he was good-humored and captivating at dinners at which he presided with grace and dignity; he was a tempestuous political orator comparable to the best in American political life. But he was superb when he freed himself of form and manuscript and gave unbridled sway to his emotions. He often missed the bull's eye of accuracy; his logic was faulty, but the range of his vocabulary, the power of his invective, the wrath he was able to pour into his polemics gave these improvisations the quality of incomparable oratory.

Who will forget the period of his angriest mood, when the sinister figure of Adolph Hitler broke through the crumbling walls of the Weimar Republic and the Nazis began their march of destruction with the silent consent of the world, and in the course of their horrifying progress destroyed millions of helpless Jews? He was beside himself with savage moral indignation, and spoke in thousands of meetings and "raised his voice" so that he was heard in every corner of the earth. At that time he was beyond question the unrivaled spokesman for the appeal and protest of the Jewish people in the greatest tragedy of their history.

He was allergic to discipline in the Zionist movement. As was indicated, he regarded the spiritual Zionism of Achad Haam as

disloyalty to Theodor Herzl. He was won over to the leadership of Mr. Brandeis, and regarded any opposition to his leadership as deserving of public censure. He went along with Mr. Brandeis in the controversy with Dr. Weizmann. He was opposed to Dr. Weizmann's political methods for about fifteen years and believed that these methods were the cause of the failure to convert Britain to Zionist friendship. He was against the enlargement of the Jewish Agency for Palestine. He opposed the partition of Palestine in 1937 but was reconciled to partition in 1946. He played for a time in the orchestra under Jabotinsky's direction and with de Haas wrote an indictment of British policy under the Mandate called *The Great Betrayal*. Very soon thereafter he reversed himself and denounced Jabotinsky for his attitude toward labor in Palestine in a terrific attack. He was a hard opponent, but was always prepared to admit error and make generous amends. When the heat of anger cooled, his natural friendliness and good humor returned. In the last years he walked side by side with Dr. Weizmann, ignoring past differences, seeking in loyal friendship to be of service. In 1931, he had joined in helping to unseat Dr. Weizmann, but in 1946 at Basel he stood with Dr. Weizmann's friends to prevent his defeat.

Although he seemed a man of storms, the word "peace" had a curious affect upon him. He hadn't the heart to resist appeals for peace and unity. Even while engaged in what seemed to be a relentless controversy, he regarded it as incidental, episodic, in the nature of an interesting game, unrelated to the real thing in which he was interested. He never was able to fight to the bitter end of decision. He always seemed to be praying for a peaceful way out of the difficulty, as eager to fight for peace as he was to break it.

He was not concerned with foundations or monuments. He founded institutions and organizations and gave little thought to their future maintenance. He organized the Institute for Jewish Studies as a national seminary for the training of rabbis; it was

a rival to the Hebrew Union College. A few years before his death, it was merged with the College. He gave twenty-five years of his life to the American Jewish Congress and was its champion in many a public controversy, disturbing the barons of Jewish philanthropy, running counter to their efforts to dominate Jewish life. But gradually the Congress moved away from its original moorings. He could not resist the encircling peace movements. He could not maintain a stand of belligerency against men who were his personal friends; and so he left the Congress unprovided for, dependent in effect upon the generosity of the Welfare Funds. The Free Synagogue was the foundation of his life; it was not only a platform; it was a social service with a large program. Only a few years before his death was he able to ensure the erection of a permanent home for the synagogue he had created.

In the early years Zionism was a propaganda movement. The practical work in Palestine was resisted for political reasons. There were few activities in Palestine that made an appeal for financial support. But as the movement grew and interests were aroused, more and more appeals reached the United States. There was then the Haifa Technical Institute, the Bezalel Art School, the Merchaviah cooperative colony, the Herzliyah Gymnasium in Tel Aviv, and, of course, the Jewish National Fund. The Keren Hayesod followed in 1921. Wise was one of the most effective campaigners for Palestine funds. He served all phases of the work indiscriminately, over-generously. He saw Palestine on a number of occasions. He greeted the beginnings of the homeland and then saw its later development. His name appears in the Golden Book of the Jewish National Fund. Thousands of trees have been planted in his name. A village has been named Oan Shmuel in his honor. Like Herzl, however, he adopted none of the institutions in Palestine as his own; he had no favorites; he served them all in an all-embracing love. He was always the unrequited servant of the cause.

The Fox Scarf

By HERBERT RIBNER

AS SHE ADJUSTED her hat at the parlor mirror Ida had the feeling that her parents had been whispering about her. "What were you saying?" she asked, pinning a hatpin into her thick bun of hair.

Her mother smiled sheepishly. "Who was talking?"

Ida turned from the mirror, taking another hatpin from between her teeth. "Come on now," she persisted, "what were you saying?"

Her father stroked his graying beard and admitted, "We were talking about you."

She turned to the mirror again. "I knew it! I knew it! What's now?"

"How did you like Mendel?" her mother demanded. "You didn't say yet."

"Oh, so that's it—as if I didn't know." Ida stuck the hatpin into her black velour hat. "Well, if you must know, you nosy people, I think Mr. Feldman is a nice gentleman. At least, he's better than that other guy."

Her father looked questioningly at her mother. "Which other?"

"You know, the Bialystoker who was here last week."

"Yes," Ida added, mimicking, "the fellow who said he couldn't eat candy because it was bad for the teetz."

"Oh, that one," her father remarked, leaning back, "and if he can't speak English so well, that's such a calamity?"

"Listen, Papa," Ida told him, picking up her coat, "you be a rabbi to your congregation and don't bother fixing me up with your boy friends. I've got to go."

"Where are you going, now, let me know?" he asked, adjusting his tall skull cap. Ida stopped puttering.

"Tonight it's a concert," her mother told him.

"Oh, a concert. That's why you're dressing up like that."

Ida had continued dressing. Now she was draping a fox scarf about her shoulders.

"Don't you see she's putting on the foxes?" her mother said, nudging him.

"That's what I'm saying." They watched their daughter preen before the mirror, and looked at each other and smiled.

"May the good Lord only give you so many good years how beautiful you are in my eyes," the mother said. She walked over to the mirror and looked over her daughter's shoulder at the reflection.

In mock denial the father said, "Pheh!"

One last look at her tall form, and Ida turned and kissed her mother on the cheek. "Bye now," she said. She walked behind her father's chair and tilted his tall skull cap over his eyes. "Be good now," she ran laughing to the door as her father roared, "Hey, what's this? Is this the way you show respect to a father . . ."

That was close, she thought. I'm glad they didn't ask where the concert was and with whom I was going. Well, with whom are you going? All right, I'm not going with anybody. But Robert Waterman will be there. That's enough.

She thought of how he had looked last night: pork-pie hat, raglan-sleeved overcoat with the collar half up, knitted tie fitting neatly into a spotless, starched windsor collar. She sighed. To see someone clean-shaven, without uncut hairs on his neck! Poor Mendel, with the unshined shoes, the baggy pants. What a contrast!

Well, Mendel never got to go to Columbia, you know; he's practically an immigrant, which is what you were only a few years ago. I know, I know. I have nothing against him, but why must I get stuck with a

mockery simply because I was one once? So if he is a good Talmud scholar, so what? The thought of Bob gave her a clean feeling.

As she entered the Museum of Art, the orchestra was already playing. People sat wherever they could, on mummy cases, on the floor along the walls, on the steps. Most of them leaned against something or just stood shifting from foot to foot. The orchestra on the mezzanine, led by its white-haired conductor, was half hidden, and the gang she sought was in the corner where they monopolized the mummy cases. And Bob.

She could see his profile. His black hair was neatly slicked back and his coat collar was up. He did not see her until the intermission was almost over.

"Thought you weren't coming," he greeted her. Assuming a sorrowful air, he added, "I was desolate."

She laughed softly, and trying to match his air, "Desolate until the next girl came by."

He made a horrified expression. "Madame, how could you say such a thing? Here I say that I want to hear music, just to see your lovely countenance, and you spurn my tender protestations. Now I'm doubly desolate."

She looked at him smilingly. His expression changed.

"I've been trying to say it is nice to see you. How have you been?"

"Fine," she replied, still just looking at him. The orchestra began to play again. Poor Mendel! she thought.

She pretended to listen to the music, but she drifted off in her imagination . . . She saw herself walking into the office of the wine distributors where she worked, sitting down to her typewriter. One of the girls saw the ring on her left hand and cried out to the others. Ida wore a pleased smile and let them examine it. The wedding would be . . . she skipped the wedding in her dreaming because Papa would want it as orthodox as could be, with her walking around the groom seven times and all the Mendels holding hands and singing "Vayehi Bishurun Malech" and the women would

not dance with the men or wear bareback gowns, and Bob would not want that. The house they would live in did not come through clearly either, but there was a lawn and sunlight on the dining table, and the table was always set before the meal, always set, with a napkin folded, she wasn't sure where, but somewhere in front of you. Bob would wear a hat at mealtime but not otherwise, and his black hair would be neat all the time, and it would shine, and she would get up every morning to watch him shave and see that he got the fine hairs on his neck—except Saturday, of course. . . .

The applause brought her back to reality and she joined in. For the rest of the concert she listened.

When it was over Bob said, "Let's go before the gang gets to us."

"Where are we going?" she asked, tagging after him.

"What do you say we take the Fifth Avenue bus up to Columbia and go to the Lion's Den?" It was a declaration.

They climbed to the upper level of the bus and sat up front.

"Say," he asked suddenly, "what's the occasion for the fox? Planning to go somewhere?"

She assumed an air. "Well, Mother said," she lisped in a singsong, "that a young lady going out to a concert should dress in her best, and that foxes were in order."

He laughed, looked at her unadorned black cloth coat and laughed again, softer. They talked about his law school, and her work for a man she called "Bossy." They went down to the Lion's Den. The booths were already empty, and two couples were sitting around a table in the alcove while the juke box played.

"Hi!" Bob called to them.

"Well, look who's finally here!"

"This is Ida." Bob presented her casually.

The girls wore sweaters hung over skirts, sleeves pushed back to the elbows, and bobby socks with saddle shoes. One of them, looking Ida over as Bob hung up her coat, said unsmilingly, "Whee, where were you?" in a drawled tone.

"Wouldn't you like to know," countered Bob, pushing a chair over for Ida.

"Oh, there," one of the boys remarked.

"Now, now," Bob answered, "*honi, soit qui mal y pense*, you know."

The other boy said in mock anger, "Whose girl you calling 'honey'?"

The other girl asked, "What's this about pants?"

Ida smiled and felt out of place. For the life of her she could not vision herself dressing as they did. She wished she could. She wished she could join in the banter, and wear that disinterested look, and sit slumped in the chair as if she didn't care. Even the attention Bob paid her, and his humor and calling her "baby" and "Madame" did not make her feel at ease. As the evening wore on and she watched the girls dance, each flat against her partner, left hand half slung over his shoulder, wearing the same disinterested look, she envied them.

She and Bob went back on the subway and got out at Second Avenue. The streets seemed to her extra dirty. In the foyer of her building they talked. Finally she asked, "I guess those girls at the Lion's Den are more your type, aren't they?"

He looked at her oddly. "All tinsel, Madame, all tinsel. They put it on, and you've got what they haven't."

"Yes? And what's that?"

"You're genuine," he told her. "No veneers."

"Veneers have their place."

"Look," he said, "let's drop the subject. You would do much better if you came over here and kissed me goodnight."

She came and kissed him.

They heard a step and an opening door. As they broke from each other, her father came in. He looked at them, said something that sounded like "Hello," and walked through the other door leading upstairs.

"Do you think he saw us?" she whispered, looking after him.

"Probably not," Bob answered.

They talked a little while longer, made a date to go roller skating on the mall after the concert next week, and he left.

She went upstairs slowly and opened the door. Her father was in the parlor. As she came into the room, he stepped toward her. With tears in his eyes he slapped her face and strode into his own room.

Until she finally fell asleep, whenever the vision of her father's face with tears in his eyes came to her, she burst out crying again.

Mama's face was grim as she served breakfast the next morning. Finally she asked her daughter, "Who is this boy?"

"He's a boy I met at the concert," Ida replied. "He was with the gang. His father is a friend of Helen's father."

"I hope he's Jewish, at least," her mother said, sarcastically.

They must have discussed everything about him that Papa saw, thought Ida. But she was not going to get excited. "He comes from a religious home," she answered.

"A fine home he must come from when he goes around kissing girls in hallways!" her mother declared. "What does he do, this bargain?"

"He's studying law at Columbia."

"What's the matter, he's so special you can't bring him up to the house if he's studying to be a lawyer?" her mother demanded. "We've seen better bargains than lawyers here."

Ida looked about. The furniture in the living room was old-fashioned and dowdy. Outside the kitchen window, so near you could almost touch it, was the next door tenement. When was it ever sunny in here? When didn't you get the impression from the dark woodwork and clean but mouse-gray floors that the dust had just settled there? The kitchen had no curtains; the living room had. What for, she thought, they did no good! And the lights were overhead. No lamps except on the desk her father used, to study from the Talmud tomes with their worn leather binding. Only the glass over the pictures of her bearded grandfather and bewigged grandmother shone. Those and the phonograph of mahogany veneer topped by an arched table model radio. The pictures could feel at home, she thought, the house looked like the grandparents' in Vilna.

It did not go with slick hair and a clean shave.

"He's special," she told her mother. "Bob is special."

Her mother looked at her sharply. "I think you are climbing on the high windows, my daughter."

"What's wrong with trying to do better for yourself?" demanded Ida.

"Better, you say. I don't see yet where there's better."

Ida motioned around her. "You call this good?"

For the next concert Ida wore a skirt and blouse and went without a hat. She waited until her father had gone before she left. Her mother looked at her critically.

"This is the way you go to a concert?" she asked.

"We're going skating afterwards."

"Again with the lawyer?"

"We're all going together with the gang."

The evening went well. Everybody was in a jovial mood, and she was swept out of herself. Bob kept them all laughing with his mock chivalrous expressions to the girls. Ida split her skirt while skating, and Bob insisted she wear his coat, which elicited a roar from the others, for the sleeves flapped over her hands. Afterwards, over hot chocolate and cookies, color heightened by the nip in the autumn air, they laughed over nothing, and on the return to the east side on the subway, Bob's banter kept her from remembering.

As they came out of the station she started to return his coat.

"What!" he exclaimed. "And let you walk the streets of New York with a torn skirt? Never let it be said."

"Please, Bob," she insisted, "I don't want anyone here to see me wearing it."

"Oh," he said, and did not look at her. He put his coat on and said, "Let's go."

She did not move. "Do you mind if I say goodnight to you here, Bob?"

His eyes narrowed as he scrutinized her face. "No, not at all. But may I know the reason?"

"Well, if you must know, sir," she hoped

she was saying it airily enough, "my father saw us last week."

"Oh," he laughed, and looked down at his shoes with a shy smile, "did he say anything?"

"No," she said. "No. He just slapped my face."

His eyes opened in horror. His mouth fell open. For a moment he just stared at her.

"What did you say?" he asked unbelievably.

"That's right."

He still stared at her. "Well, I'll be —"

She swallowed and felt her eyes fill, and blinked rapidly.

"Yessir," he said, "I thought that went out with the Indians. Poor baby." He did not seem to know what to say. "Poor baby," he repeated.

"Goodnight, Bob," she extended her hand.

"Bye, baby," he said.

We forgot to arrange for next week, she thought as she walked to her house. . . .

But there was no next week. Or any week. Bob wrote a letter which she received on Wednesday. Her mother handed it to her with a sharp look. He expressed regret that he had caused her such trouble, and added that he was so busy with briefs and study that he could not go to the next concert. He would call her. She answered immediately. When two weeks passed and there was no call and no letter she wrote again. He did not answer.

Ida stopped going with the crowd. Mama said, "Why aren't you going out these days?"

"I just don't feel like it," Ida answered.

For a while she toyed with the idea of calling him, but she gave it up. It was useless, she knew. A fellow is prepared to compromise just so much. If the girl is a nice girl with looks and charm he'll pause for a second look. But why should he cope with accents, and slum, and gaucherie, and in-laws. For what?

She opened books and rarely turned a page. She worked automatically. If anyone noticed that she was not smiling as much as she used to, they could not tell from her calm features that she had forsaken hope of moving out of Houston Street. Bob was hope, and Bob was gone. Maybe she should go to college, maybe she should try to meet other Bobs. She refused. You could not expose yourself without the chance of getting hurt again. The chances of getting hurt would be good as long as she and her parents and the East side remained as they were. And which of the three would change? Why climb on high windows, anyway?

When Papa came in one day and said quietly that Mendel had been at services and he had asked about her, and should he invite Mendel up sometime, she said, "Why not?"

A Ghetto Street Corner

By PHILIP PERLMUTTER

THE NORTHWEST CORNER of South 3rd and Roebling Streets has nothing particularly striking about it. Its sidewalks, gutter, and sewer are just as clogged and dirty as any of the other three street corners which face it. There is an unusually large and bare cement-surfaced schoolyard nearby — but its value lies in the vacuous background it offers for taking pictures of friends and family. This is Williamsburg, Brooklyn's primitive mosaic of gloomy tenement houses, cluttered fire escapes, and battered garbage cans.

The other three street corners would actually seem to be the more interesting. Two of them have lampposts which are often available for the weary to rest against. The Northeast corner has a Luncheonette, the newsstand of which is so located that a paper can be picked up, read and returned without the proprietor having noticed. And on the Southeast corner there is a Drug Store where "something-in-the-eye" can still be taken out, even though no purchase is made beforehand.

This section houses one of the densest populations in Brooklyn. The neglected tenements which crowd the neighborhood's children into the gutters, envelop Jews, Puerto Ricans, Italians, Poles, and Negroes. To my generation of friends, the Northwest corner — the one with the schoolyard — was most meaningful. We first became aware of the "corner" during the depression when we were about five or six years old. From the beginning it was a place of danger, an area to avoid.

"Don't go to the corner," mothers would shout. "The 'Big Boys' are there, and they'll hurt you!" The "Big Boys," of course, were only about 14 to 16 years old, but at our age, they may as well have been 40 or 50.

To be near them meant more than hearing new four-letter words or learning the unadulterated who-what-how-and-why of our very existence. Most everything our mothers did not want us to learn, we learned from them. Only on rare occasions did we agree with our mothers, hoping that a particular "Big Boy" would "nur brach hent unt fees" for hitting us.

There was also a more dangerous aspect to the "corner." Traffic fatalities involving neighborhood children were numerous. Each time an ambulance clanged down the street all the mothers in the vicinity would rush down, each anxiously screaming her child's name.

The years skipped by and the "corner" became a "no-man's land." The "Big Boys" had solidly entrenched themselves in the Drug Store across the street or in the various candy stores nearby. There they played cards, lounged, argued, flirted, and once in a while made a purchase on credit. The Depression had not yet come to an end.

Without our realizing it, the "corner" was ours. "Kids" kept getting in our way and referring to us as "Big Boys." In the bitterest cold of winter, we could be seen huddled about a small blazing fire in the gutter or crouched in the school entrance. A friend, a cigarette, a fire, conversation and laughter — we thrived on them as stray dogs on the open garbage cans.

During those adolescent years we did whatever we felt like doing. On hot days, we boisterously played cards barefooted and barechested on the curb. Only the sons of merchants could go to summer camp — and we had no wealth. So we gambled, sang risqué songs, and smoked Italian cigars. "What will the neighbors say?" our parents cried. "Siz a shonda fer menschen!"

The war had not yet touched us, though it was beginning to do so to our brothers. The world — the “corner” — was ours. And with our words and thoughts and youth we mercilessly mimicked and mocked everything.

Only when war finally came to us did we return the “corner” to the people of the neighborhood. Instead of “shkootsim” we were considered as potential or actual “heroes,” depending on our draft status. Neighbors approached us with a smile and wished us good health and fortune instead of distantly execrating us with being a “kapura” for their children whom we possibly mistreated. So popular were we by being in the Armed Forces that the neighbors had a tremendous flag hoisted up at the corner in our honor.

The high-blown glory of the “corner” was soon deflated. With the successive winters and summers the flag became torn and withered; and by the time the war was over and all the boys had been discharged, South 3rd and Roebling Streets were referred to as the “Little Bowery.”

“You’ll never get a job hanging around that corner with them gangster friends of yours!” mothers now yelled. Not only had Uncle Sam made men of us, but also “pass-goodnockim.” To us there was nothing shocking about this attitude, for it was part of the nothing-but-the-best-for-my-son syndrome of all ghetto mothers.

We had changed: We were now too dignified to gamble or curse in the open streets. Such activity was reserved for cellar-clubs. Some of the boys, having been to the far ends of the globe, were restless and moved across the street, where they could lean against the lamppost or fire hydrant. A mass migration seemed imminent.

But the decline of the “corner” set in, though not as expected. Most of the boys got jobs! The tradition of playful indolence was now left to a few holdouts, who daily left the corner in search of work only to inevitably arrive in time for the bargain matinee movie in Times Square. Eventually, they too obtained jobs.

With the decline, the boys’ characters crystallized. The “gang” fixation weakened and recognition, if not respect, for individual differences and rights strengthened. Bullying and scape-goating pranks disappeared. The boys realized fighting was dangerous — and they thought twice before exchanging blows, or encouraging others to do so. Now we went to the movies in twos and threes, with the idea of politely enjoying ourselves instead of causing a ruckus and commanding attention.

Though we were mostly Jewish, there were some Poles, a Puerto Rican, a few Italians, and a Greek. Religion, which had formerly been both tolerated and criticized, showed its cultural effects in relation to marriage. And the boys begrudged none for dating girls of their own religion outside of the immediate neighborhood.

Name-labelling too lost its charm. In adolescence, we all had at least two or three nicknames, ranging from the absurd to the vulgar. Thus, Henry (known as Hesshe to his mother) was to us Bullbah-head, descriptive both of the size and thickness of his head.

Our crossing the bars of adolescence and Army service speeded the death of early ambitions and dreams. Before we knew it, instead of being doctors, baseball players, firemen, cops, and assorted heroes, we comprised an auto spare parts clerk, a grocery cashier, a fruit vendor, a construction laborer, and a cab driver. None of us had turned criminal, as our mothers had feared.

Occasionally, a stray son comes back to “see the boys.” With eager expectation he waits on the corner street for an hour or so — and hurries off disappointed — while by the Luncheonette, a new generation of loafers sets up its home.

... Israel must be provided with the means of receiving and absorbing the new refugees in whatever numbers they come. To provide for a huge new influx of immigration will require efforts dwarfing those made in the past. Yet let no man say that it cannot be done, when it must be done.

SENATOR HERBERT H. LEHMAN

Life versus Look

By GERALD ENGEL

IF YOU WERE ASKED to provide your next door neighbor with some basic information about Protestantism and Protestants in America, how would you go about getting the necessary information? To whom would you talk? Assume that you will devote most of your working time within the next few weeks to this project. Would you concentrate on trying to understand the historical development of Protestantism or would you spend most of your time questioning the Protestant to learn how his religion affects his life.

Some of the inherent values and weaknesses of both approaches appear in the recent *Life* and *Look* articles dealing with Judaism and the position of the Jew in America. *Life*, June 13, 1955 chose to emphasize the historic development of Judaism. *Look*, November 29, 1955 concerned itself primarily with the position of the Jew in America.

Life's narrator visited contemporary religious authorities and studied the writings of experts. The assignment was carried out by integrating material gathered from their spiritual leaders. The reporter merely stated the official religious positions of American Jewry. The influence of Judaism upon the life of the American Jew is illustrated by individuals whose more colorful and traditional religious customs are emphasized. While the photographs are authentic, they do not present an evaluation of the religious habit of the "average" American Jew.

Look's editor tries to overcome this shortcoming by evaluating the position of the average Jew in America. By its very definition the term average implies that there are extremes. The *Look* article simplifies matters by presenting group standards with

regard to temperance, education, business ethics, etc. The writer, William Attwood tries to see as many people from diverse economic and social strata as possible. He also relies upon non-rabbinical authorities in the field of Jewish community life for their evaluation of the position of the Jew in America. He faces the difficulty of trying to differentiate bias from fact. Here a layman attempts the Herculean task of defining concepts such as what makes a Jew and what is the average Jew—problems which have confounded experts.

While *Life's* readers gain considerable information about historic Judaism and its development to date from the text, the accompanying pictures suggest that the Jew practices religious customs which differentiate him from his neighbors. The pictorial story about the Fink family stresses "The home can also be a house of God," according to traditionalists. Yet, the photographs do not present the home life of the religious liberal for contrast.

Look's writer attempts to minimize a discussion of religion. The article concentrates upon presenting a picture of the "average" Jew so that the general reader learns what his Jewish neighbor is like. He was looking for certain common denominators to describe the American Jew. According to a noted mid-western clinical psychologist, Professor John M. Hadley, Director of Graduate Training in Clinical Psychology, Director of Clinical Services, Purdue University, the *Look* article helps the non-Jewish reader who is without deep personal prejudice to gain a better understanding of American Jewry. The favorable statistics and glowing generalities suggest that the Jew with his rich heritage should

raise the general standards rather than to continue to strive as a leavening agent to assimilate and lower standards for all.

This non-Jewish clinical psychologist's views are shared by many Jewish intergroup-relations experts. The Anti-Defamation League alerted its regional directors to use this *Look* article as a tool, commenting:

From our viewpoint, it is an excellent piece of work and of interest to all our constituency . . .

You are aware, of course, that Attwood spent a good deal of time with us here in the national office, and that he also met with a number of regional directors and some of our lay leaders around the country. We don't, of course, endorse everything he says in this article. But it is certainly a penetrating, provocative and authoritative article.

Life presents an article on Judaism as one in its series on the great religions. The historical material dealing with bygone eras and the pictorial photographs of Jews in other lands are accepted by most American Jews. However, many people are alarmed at what apparently is a pointed and misleading photographic reporting of American scenes. They turn to the pictures of the Finks and ask, "Is this the way we look? Do we dress in Oriental garb when we bless our candles on Friday night, if we do bless candles?" Some rabbis from their pulpits express indignation at the gross misinterpretation of the American Jews' religion. "Are we really different? Aren't we like our neighbors?"

Yet, *Life* is depicting continuity in Judaism, showing that it is possible for some to carry on traditions begun thousands of years ago. *Life's* photos subtly suggest that there are extremes even for those belonging to each group. The Finks (except for the picture cover) dress like their neighbors. Yet, when they attend a family wedding, the guests include those whose garb identifies them with the Chassidim, depicted dancing ecstatically in Israel. *Life* pictorially illustrates that although there is continuity within Jewish life, there are differences even amongst those who observe tradition. Differences exist within each segment as well as among the Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform groups.

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

The editors of *Life* accept as authorities on Judaism seminary leaders of these three branches of Judaism. These men are intent upon developing the religious sensibilities of their fellow Jews. Their major differences are in philosophy and manner or worship.

The editors of *Look* seem to follow the Talmudic injunction to "go and see what the people are doing" to learn the position of the Jew in the American community. Attwood likewise questions Gentiles. He accepts at face value certain characteristics as being specifically Jewish. Thus, according to the Catholic magazine *American*, the Jews give evidence of temperance, industry, family solidarity, and zeal for education. (Is this trait of temperance, for example, inherent in the Jew or in Judaism as a product of its civilization and Torah?)

The *Look* reporter accepts the forementioned characteristics as Jewish, then immediately classifies them as "middle class virtues." Now these middle class traits are not even peculiarly American. They are characteristics evident in all men—perhaps emphasized by the climbing middle class.

Mr. Attwood may have received these stereotype concepts from the Jewish people he interviewed. According to Achad Haam, the Jew tends to accept the generalizations of others when he desires to be part of the group making the generalizations. Man sees himself in terms of the group with which he is identified. The Jew accepts the view of the Gentile frequently, because the Jew longs to be part of the major society. The surveyor, therefore, hears among Jewish interviewees the opinions expressed by many Gentiles. Perhaps he even hears Jews echo his own preconceived notions.

Jews are asked what they seek from American life. The inquirer hears talk about spiritual values, and yet he notes that the majority are concerned about social and economic discrimination. The American Jewish adult, though he thinks of Judaism in terms of his own activities more as a culture than a religion, is putting his family in a position where the children may develop a more religious way of life than their

parents. "Many Jews never go to a Temple, yet they remain Jewish in their hearts or in the eyes of the community," says Mr. Attwood. Included among photographs of successful American Jews are men who are Jewish because they are identified as such by the community at large. Some of these men may not qualify much longer according to the article's final assertion:

... Religion (plus the culture and sense of history it implies) is becoming the binding element that will keep the American Jewish community from disintegrating.

If the *Look* article seems to be straddling a fence, it is because there is disagreement among the Jewish people themselves.

Life's reporter speaks to the religious leaders and concludes that there is greater understanding of the potential role of the American Jew among these rabbinic authorities. The reform, conservative and orthodox leaders assert in unison:

Jews believe that they need both the Law and the Prophets, a union of practice and spirit if they are to fulfill the injunction placed upon them by Micah some 2700 years ago "To do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly with thy God."

There is greater unanimity of purpose among these spiritual guides who believe that the terrifying pressures of living in an

atomic age, in which God's creative forces are used to plant seeds of destruction, may be overcome by developing spiritual values to withstand these pressures. The Jew returning to Judaism can find the power to live at peace with himself and the strength to serve as an example, to work for ideals for a better world.

The *Life* and *Look* articles in reality reinforce each other. The man in the street as well as the Jewish community organizer and the religious leader are uneasy about the present. The people themselves look to their Jewish heritage as the spiritual fount for their children. Yet simultaneously there is the desire on the part of parents to help children to minimize differences by integrating themselves into the American culture.

Only time will tell whether this striving for acceptance by many Jews will precipitate their integration—and eventual assimilation—into the streams of American life; or whether the resourcefulness of spiritual leaders can influence synagogue center members to accept and develop Israel's cultural and religious heritage, thereby laying the foundation for a golden age for Jewry beneficial to all America.



The Scholar

By
TODROS
GELLER

The Literature of Horror

By CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

WALTER PITKIN once wrote a curious book which was supposed to serve, ironically, as an introduction to the history of human stupidity. An even longer but infinitely more horrifying volume could be written, without the ironic overtones, with the title, *An Introduction to the History of Human Horror*. Such a work would document and analyze the abysmal perversity of the human spirit that enabled men in power, the Caesars of earth, to commit wholesale murder with impunity. The records have been gathered from all available sources, the documents are filed away in the archives: the grisly pile of statistics, the affidavits, the accounts of eye-witnesses and survivors, the confessions and histories, the journalistic versions, the psychoanalytic reports. Movies have been taken of concentration camps and of the survivors at the time they were rescued; they show the heaps of the dead, ghastly and grotesque in their postures of frozen helplessness, the pits of lime which served as a common grave for all those who were exterminated in gas chambers, the few survivors, rickety, bloated, the bones protruding from their cadaverous bodies, the eyes bulging in the emaciated faces—bulging but lightless, the flame of life practically extinct within, the lamp shades made of human skin.

Unfortunately this body of material has not, with but few exceptions, been translated into poetry, drama, fiction, art. How can it be? Some novelists have referred to it in tones of violent indignation, but how can words possibly suggest the truth of contemporary reality? What imposes a staggering, if not impossible, burden on the writer is that he is called upon to deal with no morbid land of the imagination, no

brooding image of a psychopathic fantasy. All this is terribly and unendurably real. Millions of people, Poles, Russians, and Jews were killed off deliberately, systematically, children, men, women, once born in travail, forced into death ovens and reduced to ashes. How can the literary mind assimilate such concentrated agony, such fiendish hatred, such apocalyptic horror? Here is a monstrous myth that effectually resists imaginative embodiment. Small wonder that during the early years of the war nine out of ten Americans could not get themselves to believe that the Nazis were guilty of committing atrocities. Concentration camps, death chambers, the burial of live persons, the mass graves of Poland, the massacres—these were all fiction.

Since this is so, all the artist can do is to wait until the time comes when he can "distance" this horror and make it real for the imagination—and the conscience—of the world. Excellent moral intentions are not enough, nor does indignation offer an effective method for dealing with the nightmarish aspects of history. That these things could happen at all constitutes a frightening commentary on the insanity of our time. The diabolical depths have overflowed and submerged the world in a sea of blood and death. There is no further point in now calling for revenge. Nor is the artist concerned with retribution or courts of law. He brings both the victim and the culprit before the collective conscience that binds all men together in fraternal unity. It is then that the bones of the slain will be resurrected and their voices rise up to God in a mighty chorus of accusation; it is then their pleas will be heard.

The literature of horror in our age is,

inevitably, the literature of reality. Therein lies the painful contradiction between what reason expects and reality presents. Totalitarianism created a fictional world so far removed from the standards of morality and of humane reason that it could not be accepted as real, even though it manifestly existed. With complete contempt for human values, without concern for such concepts as innocence or guilt, the totalitarian leader was ready to wipe out life *en masse*. But there are no accidents in psychic life. The dominant psychological feature of our time is unconscionable cruelty. The Marquis de Sade is the father of modern consciousness. Yet the public stubbornly draws back from this literature of horror, because all the happenings it describes are real, not imaginary.

Seeing is believing! Words have so dulled our sensibility and anesthetized our imagination that the printed page, even when dwelling on indubitable facts, leaves us cold. When Russia presented its case before the International Tribunal, it showed motion pictures dealing with German crimes against civilians in Eastern Europe. These pictures that the eye beholds are not statistical figures in motion but real human beings—men and women, creatures of flesh and blood, mothers, old people, children—undergoing horrors language is incapable of depicting. The effect of these motion pictures was electrifying. Even the German defendants could not help but turn their gaze away from these scenes of bodies broken, women strangled, prisoners mutilated, death camps, villages burned to the ground. The documentary showed the concentration camps of Oswiecim and Maidanek, ditches used for burial in Sevastopol and Kerch, prisoner camps in Stalingrad. It was the human element in the film that called forth the deepest emotional response: some women identifying the corpses of their husbands and children, stiffened by the cold into clammy shapes of death.

The same principle of dramatic objectivity applies to the writer and the theme of horror he sets out to handle. All forms of

human suffering, whether justified or not, must in literature be presented with imaginative detachment and the restraint born of understanding. The compassion must be implicit in the writing, the compassion that sorrows for all suffering mankind, but it must not degenerate into hysterical cries of rage or denunciation. For whether a man is slain by the Nazis or dies of atomic burns in Hiroshima or is destroyed by the ravages of cancer, it is the same death. The greatest gift a man can give is his life. The poetry is in the pity, but what possible emotion can the writer, especially the one whose material is based on first-hand experience of the inferno of concentration camps, communicate to his readers? The memory distorts and falsifies. For the most part, the men who somehow managed to live through this horror harbored no desire to write down their impressions; the struggle to survive absorbed all their energy. They had no assurance they would ever emerge alive. Dwellers in concentration camps had no future, and a literature that is not addressed to the future is a contradiction in terms. If one died, who would pass on the tale of his martyrdom so that the suffering he endured would somehow become meaningful? It was precisely this lack of meaning, this obliteration of human hope and purpose, which constituted the horror.

Attempts have been made to compute the number of those who died in Auschwitz and Maidanek, Dachau and Belsen, but what do the figures alone matter? If we know that seven or twenty million victims perished in these camps, it still fails to communicate the reality that the suffering of one man has the power to evoke. It is not the sudden death that is hard to bear, but the slow torture of the body and the corruption of the spirit. The prisoners in this universe of the concentration camps were drawn from all parts of the world and indiscriminately lumped together. David Rousset, a former professor of philosophy and member of the French underground resistance movement, was arrested by the Gestapo and served in the concentration

camps at Buchenwald, Helmstedt, Neuengamme, and Wöbbelin, until he was freed by the arrival of American troops. In *The Other Kingdom*, the author attempts to furnish an "objective" description of the horrors he had to undergo. In a series of surrealistically weird snapshots, he relates what happened in the world of the concentration camp, where everyone was guilty and treated as an enemy. Here is a quotation which attempts to describe the ferocious cruelties visited upon the inmates:

Men of all races and of all convictions, meeting beneath the blinding flood lights on the parade ground of Buchenwald on wintry nights when winds and snow lash their shoulders and chill their bellies in military rhythms as strident as cackling jeers of blasphemy. Men of conviction, haggard and savage. Men who bear within them faiths uprooted and dignities undone. An entire race of men naked, inwardly naked, stripped of all culture, all tradition, armed with spades and picks, mattocks and sledge hammers, chained to the rusty ore cars, grubbers of salt, sweepers of snow, mixers of cement; a people gnawed by the lash, haunted by thirst, obsessed by the paradise of long-forgotten food. The intimate gnawing of degradation. An entire people adrift on the stream of time.

How these scarecrows cling to life! For there is always the waiting crematorium. They must endure rubber bludgeons cracking on skull and cringing flesh; fists pounding into the face; kicks on bodies that cannot resist even if they had the strength. Rousset lets us witness these hellish scenes: we see the tears and the blood flowing, we hear the heart-rending screams; and we know there is no possibility of reprieve. Floggings go on all the time. Men murder each other for a moldy crust of bread, men eat the flesh of cadavers. In this weird kingdom, thirty-five to forty per cent of the inmates die. The Jews and Poles are sent to extermination camps. The crematoria and gas chambers get rid of as many as ten thousand a day.

Here is an inferno unlike anything Dante ever conceived. The concentration camp offers neither logic nor justification, only the senseless, inhuman horror that is shadowed forth in the fiction of Celine and Kafka. The inner self is crushed and all human dignity finally destroyed. Nothing is held

sacred. In this reign of terror, human values are viciously stamped out. The aim of the torture, the hunger, the degradation, the malignant terrorism is to crush the spirit of man, to keep these victims abjectly cowed and perpetually afraid. The Nazis demonstrated that man is capable of the worst of crimes. Only the victims, those who lived hourly close to death, know the truth of this. Isolated from the rest of the world, how could they communicate the ordeal they suffered, the dread that obsessed them night and day?

And yet a few were driven by an overwhelming inner need to make the attempt: to reveal, as honestly and objectively as they can, the truth of the reality they once knew. In *Human Behavior in the Concentration Camp*, Elie A. Cohen makes the effort to study the behavior of the inmates of concentration camps in a scientific spirit, to apply the techniques of objective observation and analysis to the beating and starvation and gassing and "medical experiments" performed on human beings. For the horror is too great to be treated subjectively. Dr. Cohen tells his story with commendable restraint, but in his soberly documented account we do catch a glimpse of the reality of evil. For if life is not sacred, then nothing is sacred. Yet this is precisely what happened in the concentration camps established by the Nazi leaders, who with diabolical efficiency went ahead with their plan of exterminating the Jews and "enemies" of the Third Reich. What makes this volume by Dr. Cohen so painful to read is the realization that these atrocities were not the distinctive product of the Nazi mentality. The seeds of the destructive impulse are present in all of us. The Nazis simply went over the edge of collective insanity and acted out their manias.

Though mankind is sated with this diet of horrors, the victims of German concentration camps who are still alive persist in trying to tell their story to the world. Dr. Cohen's primary aim is to understand what happened in the concentration camps. What motivated the behavior of the SS men? How

did the inmates react to their confinement and the treatment they received? We get a vivid picture of the prisoners, the striped, tattered suits they wore, the numbers tattooed on the skin of the left forearm, the heads completely or partly shaved. Death did not come by gassing alone. Many died of starvation, beatings, torture, exhaustion, "medical experiments," intravenous or intracardial injections of phenol, petrol, or air, enforced death marches. Dr. Cohen furnishes evidence that the Nazis constructed gas chambers with the deliberate intention of killing off people wholesale. Later the corpses were removed to the crematoria. Some compute that in the crematoria as many as 17,280 bodies could be burned in twenty-four hours. As soon as the prisoners entered the concentration camp, the process of selection began. All mothers together with their children under the age of fourteen, the old, the sick, the invalid, the crippled, were sent to the gas chamber. This was the discovery that induced a fright neurosis in the inmates. They knew now that death stalked the camp.

As a result, all their energy was focused on one thing: survival. Everyone was preoccupied exclusively with this one problem of self-preservation. Men behaved like animals. Those who could not or did not want to adapt themselves to this condition soon perished. But what gave the others the resourcefulness, the strength, the stamina, the cunning, to survive? Those who were, in the broadest sense of the term, "religious" in their orientation were able to rise above the first traumatic shock. The Christians and the Communists betrayed the greatest power of resistance in the concentration camp. The only escape from death into life was by way of the spirit. Those who lived not solely for themselves could not become entirely demoralized. Because they were passionately attached to an idea or a cause, they did not suffer from the plague of internment psychosis. The spiritual idea sustained them through adversities which, in others, broke their will to live.

Why did the SS engage in this campaign of extermination? Why did they accept the Hitlerian theory of the purity of blood and the infection of the Aryan race by the mongrel Jewish breed? It was this belief in "pure blood" that culminated in genocide. The startling feature that Dr. Cohen and the official records of the various trials brings out is that the SS did not look upon their own acts as crimes; rather, they believed that the destruction of the Jews was a necessary and praiseworthy deed. The German population, particularly the young, had been vigorously indoctrinated with the belief that the Jews were a serious menace to the State and must be wiped out. That is how the SS acquired a criminal mentality, but they were "normal criminals;" that is, they simply practiced what the standards of their society had taught them to regard as essentially right. As Dr. Cohen observes: "The SS man looked upon himself as normal, and when he had finished his job he went home quietly, kissed his wife and children, played with his dog, called on his friends, etc. And whether this job consisted in gassing Jews, in shooting Poles, in taking roll calls, in conducting a selection, in overseeing a labor group of prisoners, etc. made no difference, for it was his job and that had to be done."

During the Belsen trials, the defendants almost to a man pleaded innocent; they were not at all guilty of the atrocities and crimes charged against them. Indeed, the counsel for the defense raised the issue: what is a war crime? Who is to be held responsible for such crimes? How can the individuals who carry out the commands given by their superiors be condemned as guilty of committing a crime? How could these people have acted otherwise? Suppose some of the subordinates had refused to obey the orders? The structure of the concentration camps would have remained unchanged. Yet there was the plain, ghastly truth revealed by the prosecution: the plan of the Germans utterly to destroy the Jews. The personnel certainly knew what they were doing when they gassed millions of innocent people. The depositions made by

some of the survivors, in *The Belsen Trials*, bring the horror home. Anyone stealing a turnip, a potato peeling, or a piece of bread, was beaten, sometimes to death, or shot. The record is full of such instances. Internees describe how victims were chosen for fiendish experimental purposes, and "the selections" for the gas chambers continued regularly. A Rumanian doctor testified: "Anybody who has ever seen a gas chamber filled to the height of one and a half metres with corpses will never forget it."

When the British forces arrived at the Belsen Camp, they discovered conditions which defy description. Forty thousand men and women were herded together in a small space, suffering from starvation, emaciated, stricken with typhus. Throughout the camp lay thirteen thousand unburied corpses. This was afforded the first shocking revelation of what the Nazis had done and the detailed account of these atrocities is more than the mind can absorb. It is nevertheless disconcerting to find that this horror must be passed through legal channels, each atrocity authenticated, each murder legally verified, each gas chamber and crematorial victim duly checked. The lengthy and technical legal process merely serves to reinforce the impression of moral chaos in which the contemporary world is plunged.

Unfortunately, the recital of horrors suffered becomes unendurable after a while. The reader is numbed by the accounts given in various books of beatings, sadism, atrocities, mass killings. Perhaps the best approach is to treat this material statistically and sociologically, as a doctor might study the onset and development of a virulent disease. In *Ghetto Theresienstadt*, a soberly factual account of the Theresienstadt Ghetto, Zdenek Lederer uses statistics and analyses to show exactly what happened, how the Jews, the principal victims, suffered, how they "adjusted" themselves to their new condition while the horrible shadow of the extermination camps in Poland hung over them. The author was deported from Prague in 1941 and interned in this Ghetto. He was in Oswiecim in 1944 and also in other

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concentration camps in Germany, but the thought of composing this work never left him, and upon his release he set about writing this history of the Ghetto, based on all available data.

The horror of the concentration camps and the crematoria lie buried in documentary files, all duly authenticated. Writers of fiction steer clear of this theme, as if realizing the impossibility of making this material appear credible and convincing. Lou Falstein, in *Sole Survivor*, describes the adventure of Antek Prinz, a survivor of one of the worst concentration camps and his encounter in the United States with the man who had murdered his brother. The story hinges on the efforts of Antek to justify his murder of a murderer. He must do more than speak out; he must act and, by action, redeem all those who perished because of this man's brutality. The result is that *Sole Survivor* verges on melodrama. Antek declares:

Six million of my people have been exterminated for no other reason than that they were Jews. Six million are two words that don't convey much meaning. But consider that each one of the six million was a heart and a soul and a dream, with God's own right to live. Among them were one and one-half million children. How many of the murderers have paid for these crimes? A dozen? One hundred? Not many more than one hundred! Six million and one hundred do not balance on the scales.

This, of course, is a fantastically wrong way of missing the point. It is not a question, after all, of exacting mathematically equivalent revenge.

No work of fiction has yet succeeded in imaginatively assimilating this mass of material. The documentaries are far more successful in this respect. More convincing are the records—letters, dairies, observations, newspaper reports—included in *Martyrs and Fighters*, edited by Philip Friedman. We witness the savage system of expropriation the Nazi conquerors instituted in Poland, their disregard not only of law but of human decency, the method they used to force the Jews within a ghetto, their policy of starving them into submission and then shipping them off by the thousands, women and children as well as men, to gas chambers. This

book reveals the heroic efforts made by a few souls to let the world know of this horror: they kept diaries, preserved documents, and buried the archives in a secret place, so that humanity would not forget. A desperate attempt was made to organize a secret center for Jewish archives. Under the direction of Dr. Emmanuel Ringelblum, men filled crates with photographs, diaries, documents, reports, and buried them. The world must know. Dr. Ringelblum makes the point that this urge to write memoirs proved so overwhelming "that even in the labor camps young men write diaries. They were caught at it, their papers were torn up and they themselves got a beating." In the Warsaw ghetto, everyone who could write kept a diary in which he faithfully set down the tragic events through which the Jews were passing. The contributors to this collective enterprise knew that they would not survive. Many wrote their testaments in the hope that the world would be "aroused to know that such things could have happened in the 20th century!" One of the leaders of the Jewish Bund, Szmul Zygelboim, committed suicide in London in order to join the Jews of his native land who had been slain and those who would soon perish. In his letter of farewell, he declares that if the Germans bear the primary responsibility for the fate of Jewry in Poland, the rest of humanity is also guilty, because it has made no concerted effort to halt this slaughter. Then in June, 1943, the Germans cleared up the ruins of the Warsaw ghetto, and nothing was left to mark the site except a huge field of rubble, three stories high. The few survivors who escaped the massacre spent their time in discussing why the Warsaw ghetto had not called forth the Messiah!

Not all writers remained silent. John Hersey wrote *The Wall*. One of the most moving and impassioned appeals to the conscience of Christianity is contained in *One Destiny*, by Sholem Asch, which in one chapter describes the poisonous rise of anti-Semitism and the mounting fury of hatred directed against the Jews until it culminated in the campaign of genocide the Nazis

waged against the Jewish population of conquered Europe. The Germans, Asch declares, will have to bear the mark of Cain for this infamy, though actually the guilt is carried by the whole Christian world, which had been responsible for spreading the cancer of anti-Semitism hatred. Such appeals to the aroused conscience of Christianity undoubtedly have their place, but it is questionable if they produce much effect. The mind recoils, satiated and repelled, from this monstrous chronicle of horror. Though many people do not wish to face the truth that the horror existed, yet eventually these facts will have to be included in a realistic reappraisal of the potentialities of human nature and the meaning of history. For the past never dies. Nothing is ever lost in the collective memory. Mankind, though it banishes unpleasant memories to the unconscious and flees from ugly truths, does not forget. Posterity will seek to understand, imaginatively as well as scientifically, why this nihilistic explosion of the abyss took place in the twentieth century.

The totalitarian state introduced the concept of potential crimes and universal guilt. Everyone in Nazi Germany stood in danger of being accused. Once all human and communal values were shattered, then no one could be trusted. The ideal safeguard for such a paranoiac state is the concentration camp. The concentration camps and the death factories are designed to demonstrate that man is capable of everything; there are no limits to his potentiality for evil. Because this is so flagrantly in opposition to all that reason accepts as real, the "normal" world refuses to believe that such things go on. The Nazi (and the Communist) torturers have committed crimes so enormous, so inhuman, so incredible, that their protestations of innocence seem more convincing than the horrendous tales of those who survived. Neither journalists nor historians, neither poets nor writers of fiction and drama, can face up to the reality of this experience of concentration camps and the mass production of corpses. How can the world of the living comprehend the world

of the living dead? The stories that the few survivors bring back must of necessity seem utterly fantastic and unreal. The real horror is beyond our understanding, for it transcends all that men know of life. There are no parallels or precedents. By comparison, the treatment Dostoevski describes in *The House of the Dead* is relatively humane, since at least it recognizes the humanity of the condemned and does not entirely exclude them from the community. The concentration camps and the gas chambers were the inventions and acts of men who saw no reason or purpose in life and no distinction between good and evil.

The experiment to destroy human dignity and the solidarity of mankind failed, but not for want of trying. In some respects, it succeeded beyond its wildest expectations. Totalitarian rule, as Hannah Arendt brilliantly demonstrates in *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, furnished an example of the existence of absolute evil. Life was regarded as without fundamental meaning or value and the human person therefore possessed no significance. The fabric of Western civilization has been torn apart, all its moral standards barbarously violated. Language falters before the enormity of the crimes that recent history perpetrated. In the nightmarishly unreal world of the concentration camp where it is possible to torture and kill men, we behold the triumphant incarnation of evil. This system of totalitarian "justice" is as cruel and arbitrary as that which operates in Kafka's *The Trial*. There is no longer any appeal to human rights, human values, human solidarity.

Thus we come up against the ultimate problem of the meaning of life, the challenge of nihilism. The twentieth century, the age of anxiety, is also the age of barbarism, the century of premeditated and unconscionable crimes: crimes committed deliberately in the name of a philosophy that can justify all extremes of violence. Murder is now dialectically justified as reasonable, by the diabolism of impeccable logic. How and why did all this happen? In the past, the tyrant pretended to act

under some "higher" law, but today we are confronted with the plague of semantic madness and everything is turned upside down. What shall men live by? Who are the innocent and the guilty? Can man today escape being involved in the mass murders of his time? On what is the right to kill based? This is the moral problem that Albert Camus wrestles with in *The Rebel*. Can murder be rationally justified? If it is altogether without justification, then we are living in a madhouse.

Nihilism is sovereign: a nihilism dedicated to Caesarism. Both Fascism and Communism instituted the reign of the concentration camp. Only those who believe they can usurp the place of God arrogate to themselves the power of life or death over others. If the logic of history is accepted, then it becomes permissible to torture people and take life on a wholesale scale. Moral nihilism can go no further. In order to prevail, nihilism ushers in a reign of inhumanity. How is man to protest against this infamy? In the name of what human values? The collective guilt for all that has happened in Europe during the twentieth century tears at the bleeding conscience of mankind. We are all guilty in a sense, all responsible. The memory of these horrors can be repressed but it is not forgotten. The ghosts of guilt must be exorcised. The blood of the slain cries out in anguish, not for vengeance but for justice. The duty of the writer is plain, a mandate he cannot long refuse to obey: he must make the world aware of the reality of evil, the potentialities of the beast in man. Where is the novelist, the dramatist, the poet who will give expression to the tragic horror of the twentieth century?

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BOOKS

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Something About My Father and Other People, by Charles Angoff. Thomas Yoseff, Inc. 366 pp. \$4.50.

Charles Angoff is a short, reddish-haired man, with a puckish sense of humor, who frequently stumps the lecture circuits around the country to speak on a variety of literary topics. Quiet in manner, almost excessively modest, he is easy to meet, easy to talk to and highly entertaining. Whatever his subject, he invariably turns to his rich store of personal experiences and rocks his audience with his plaintive sidelights on Jewish life. He is a first-rate humorist who deserves far more attention than he has yet received.

For many years, Charles Angoff was associated with the old *American Mercury* when the late H. L. Mencken was its guiding spirit. More recently Mr. Angoff has been a creative writer on his own, and has published many short stories and such pleasing novels of Jewish life in America as *Journey to the Dawn*, *In the Morning Light* and *The Sun at Noon*.

Something About My Father and Other People is a collection of tales, chiefly about Mr. Angoff's parents and family, and random memories of his youth in Boston. Each story exemplifies both the writer's astonishing qualities as a natural story-teller and also his minor faults as a technician. He is warm, impulsive and even gay in that semi-morose style of the Yiddish wit. He charms by the homeliness of his expressions and by the clear honesty of his evaluations of his people. One can not help but like him as a decent human being talking about other human beings.

But he is also extremely sentimental and garrulous. He "spins" his tales loosely, chat-

tily, rather than write them with an iron discipline. Chekhovian in style, he paints his world in gray tones, often with soft cantorial chants in the background, for he loves all the transplanted old-worldliness which his people brought with them to the New World. Indeed, he is the faithful chronicler of the late transitional period, 1900 to the present, when the last of the great Western European migrations ended and the immigrants fought for roots and survival.

It is difficult to pass stern judgment on such work because the work itself, despite deficiencies, has such appeal to anyone who knows Jewish life. A Chatzkel, a Beryl der Croomer, a Siche der Chochem, a Lapidus, had to be recorded, and no satirist could do them justice, only such a gentle *maggid* as Charles Angoff. Yet I have the feeling that one day Angoff will be aroused to stronger emotions, anger, jealousy, perhaps black hatred—and then, with the new dimension to the gamut he has already explored, I suspect he will truly pour out a chronicle that will bring him wide reputation. He has the talent.

LOUIS ZARA

Rejoice in Thy Festival, by Philip Goodman. Bloch Publishing Co. 277 pp. \$3.50.

Rabbi Goodman has collected stories, both new and old, and arranged them according to the Jewish holy days and festivals. Humor, wit, and wisdom both sacred and profane, find their way into this seasonal anthology.

Perhaps the greatest task confronting the author is deciding what not to include in *Rejoice in Thy Festival*. There are many areas he strives to cover including the Sabbath, the High Holy Days, Sukkos, Hanuk-

kah, Purim, Passover, Shavuot, Fast Days, and Seasons of Gladness.

For these occasions there is much wisdom and humor to choose from. The wit is frequently moralistic, sometimes stingingly effective. For example, the Talmudic tale about Emperor Hadrian, who is told that what gives the Sabbath meat its delightful aroma is a special spice called Sabbath, which only the initiated can use. "The spice is effective only for those who observe the Sabbath; however, it is of no value to those who do not honor the Sabbath." Or the Chassidic tale about the Kotzber rabbi who stressed, "The Torah was given equally to every Jew, but every Jew did not receive it equally."

Even the humor itself has much of the same moralistic biting irony—particularly when it relates to America. Where else can the tale be told of an Irish guard, checking tickets for Yom Kippur synagogue services, finally admitting a young man to visit his elderly mother with the admonition, "O.K. You can go in to see your mother, but God help you if I catch you praying." Or better yet, the experienced sexton shouting above the hub-bub of After Neilah services the time for Kol-Nidrei, and then responding to the young rabbi's query with "You should know, Rabbi . . . that these Jews won't be seen again in the synagogue until next Yom Kippur." And then the woman, scrupulous about lighting Sabbath candles, who found she was away from home. Her solution, she telephoned her home and instructed her maid to set the candles near the phone and to light them. When the maid had complied the woman chanted the blessing for lighting the Sabbath candles into the mouthpiece of the telephone.

This area of Jewish religious America is perhaps Rabbi Goodman's major contribution, for after all many of the other tales have been told and retold not only in the original Hebrew and Yiddish, but also by other American Jewish anthologists. Who hasn't heard the story of Rabbi Israel Salanter, who is found rocking a baby on Kol-Nidrei night when all the people are assembled in the synagogue; for attending the crying infant was of more importance to the sage than being with the congregation at prayer. Or who hasn't rejoiced upon hearing the Baal Shem Tov's encounter with

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the illiterate young herdsman who at the conclusion of the Neilah service drew forth his reed whistle to express his love of the Almighty. "This illiterate young herdsman, possessed with a sincere desire to serve the Almighty, has opened the gates of repentance for all of us."

This collection of tales by Rabbi Goodman is far from a definitive anthology. There isn't enough paper and ink in this world to hold all Israel's holiday stories; yet it is a good cross section of our people's feelings about the festivals. There may be times when you will criticize his selections; for as Rabbi Goodman himself observes in his preface, "The selection of the stories presented here are after all but one person's judgment." In fact, Rabbi Goodman is realistic enough to stress, "They are all good! Much depends on the mood and taste of the reader."

That the anthology will be a welcome addition to the shelves of any library can be predicted from the reaction of some of the Purdue students and their parents who attended a Hillel Friday evening service recently, during which they were entertained with an evening of story telling direct from the pages of *Rejoice in Thy Festival*. Surprisingly enough many had never heard the tales with "whiskers" before; those who had, seemed to enjoy the skillful retelling even more.

GERALD ENGEL

Naught for Your Comfort, by Trevor Huddleston. Doubleday. 253 pp. \$3.75.

The denial in practice of the brotherhood of man has many consequences of positive evil and negative deprivation. That truth finds eloquent exemplification in every country and every generation, but nowhere more acutely than in South Africa, now.

Yet for the past twelve years a white man has had "the joy and splendor" of living and working among the blacks of greater Johannesburg—a courageous and resourceful witness to his commitment to the principle of human brotherhood. Few articulate whites can know the trouble he has seen. Few have been given a ministry of reconciliation so profound as his. Few authors have had such a subject, such an eloquent and passionate style, as has Trevor Huddleston in *Naught for Your Comfort*.

Huddleston, a member of an Anglican order, the Community of the Resurrection, served as pastor of the Church of Christ the King and principal of St. Peter's School. He wrote *Naught for Your Comfort* after his superiors had reassigned him to another field, in England, but before leaving South Africa. (Part of the book was written at the home of his friends the Alan Patons.) The sorrow of separation and the finality of one looking back on a closing chapter add to the poignancy of a highly personal account.

Naught for Your Comfort deals with little that the author cannot report from his own observation and experience. This book was not researched; it was lived. With the exception of few persons in addition to Huddleston, it was lived by blacks.

The South African black, as we all know, is victimized by the most savage, most fanatical set of social and legal disabilities borne by any racial group in any presumably civilized country. But this knowledge can be vague and superficial unless we let an informed witness make it specific and detailed.

That *Naught for Your Comfort* does. There are chapters on delinquency, housing, the pass laws, education, entertainment, sports, and the church. There are numerous episodes, many individualized people. In vividness of concrete detail, as in the passion and energy of the style, the book is unequivocally of literary stature.

Huddleston has enabled us to learn, in emotional terms as well as intellectual ones, what apartheid means. Readers who at least nominally share his religious commitment can not avoid bringing their own conduct in matters interracial under a searching judgment. But what Huddleston has witnessed has significance, quite independently of his Christian premises. Any man of good will is sure to feel, upon reading *Naught for Your Comfort*, that all that is best in him is enlarged and strengthened.

ALFRED C. AMES

Brainwashing, by Edward Hunter. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 310 pp. \$3.75.

This is not a pleasant book, nor one which contains much that is new to readers of the daily papers. Nevertheless, it is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of what

the U. N. prisoners had to suffer at the hands of the enemy in the Korean war. It also suggests ways and means how to apply the lessons we have learned, so as to combat similar situations, should they arise in the future.

The author has spent a great deal of time and labor in the study of individual attempts at brainwashing. Some of them were successful, some less so, some complete failures. Mr. Hunter subjected the reasons for these varying results to a close analysis. Among other things he found, for instance, that Negroes showed a remarkable resistance, which he ascribes to their strong faith, against which the blandishments of the interrogators were of no avail. Undoubtedly the simplicity and comparative poverty in which many Southern colored men had lived prior to their enlistment, added to their ability to endure the poor food and miserable quarters with greater fortitude than could be expected from those who had been brought up in more favorable surroundings. At any rate, the repugnance the Chinese encountered among a race which they had considered as an easy prey, must have been one of their greatest disappointments and disillusionments. Many others who withstood physical and mental tortures owed their survival to an intuitive or acquired skill to read the oriental mind. They matched wits and staying power with the captors, and sometimes turned the tables on them, making the tormentors the tormented. One of the few humorous chapters in the volume deals with such examples, and the readers will enjoy the huge psychological joke which a few dozen G. I.'s played on a Chinese inspector, driving him to the brink of insanity.

No one can deny that this work deserves serious attention and honest praise. Yet it seems that a bare recital of factual observations would have been more impressive than long dissertations on the Russian scientist Pavlov, who experiments on dogs in the early years of this century are alleged to have, innocently enough, laid the groundwork for brainwashing. This theory, which the author spins out at great length, is far from convincing. Long before Pavlov was born torture was a universal method for extracting confessions, false or otherwise, and

it is not so long ago that the third degree was said to flourish not far from home. Nor is there any novelty in trying to confuse prisoners by having them repeat their stories over and over again, in the hope of trapping them into a contradiction, and it certainly has nothing to do with Pavlov's experiments on animals. Neither he nor the psychiatrists on whom the author leans, add to the value of his book. As a reporter's account it is excellent, but it is not and should not aspire to be a scientific treatise.

For one of Hunter's side exploits we should also be grateful to him. It was he who saved the good English word "brainwashing" from being clothed in a Latin or Greek frock, to give it greater respectability among the high-brows. One scientist was already prepared to call it *menticide*, but Hunter's more plebeian but more colorful term won out. Will the man who recently endowed a newly discovered mountain ape with the name *Orespitheus* please take notice?

It is to be hoped that this volume will receive due attention, for it holds out hope that if our soldiers should again find themselves exposed to brainwashing, they will be able to meet it with less fear and greater hope of success than they were able to do in the recent past.

OTTO EISENSCHIML

The Personal Letters of Stephen Wise. Edited by Justine Wise Polier and James Waterman Wise. Beacon Press. Introduction by John Haynes Holmes. 278 pp. \$4.50.

Stephen Wise was one of the few Jewish leaders for whom this reviewer always had respect, admiration, and love. Obviously, then, I am incapable of an unbiased review of this book, because I am biased in favor of Stephen Wise, at all times. These letters, written to his beloved wife Louise, his children (who edited this book) and to his good friend John Haynes Holmes (who contributes a warm introduction) are not, as the Rev. Holmes insists, worthy of "a place in the love literature of our time." Rabbi Wise would have blushed to hear such a description. Indeed, he writes one of his frankest sentences late in this book when he declares: "I can't write." And he clarifies: "I have the style of a smart and voluble

De Witt Clinton High School East-Sider. It is terrible to bubble over at the mouth, and be unable to set down anything to paper."

Yet Stephen Wise, in spite of his lack of style, puts down much of great interest on paper—and what is even better, some of his courage, his love for life, come through. These letters are divided into five sections: from his first meeting with his wife to his marriage; the period of his ministry in Portland, Oregon; the years of the founding of the Free Synagogue and the decade up to the end of World War I; the fifteen years from the end of that war to the rise of Hitler; and from 1933 to his death in 1949.

The letters are hurried ones, newsy and, in the early years, full of comments about books. Stephen Wise was—and here many people are forgetful—a cultured and sensitive man. He writes of Israel Zangwill and Richard Wagner and scores of other writers and composers and even in 1899, he hated Wagner because the German was a Jew-hater. Throughout the book—and the letters—Wise reports on the success of his speeches, his meetings with important men, and the arguments he had with men of stature, but with whom he disagreed.

There are so many bits, at random, that I have marked, that perhaps it would be best to reproduce some of them. Wise understood himself, for example, better than most. As long ago as 1900, he confided to his wife: "I am afflicted with an unrighteous ambition, which deadens the best within men in public life—love of fame, applause, popularity"—and then he asks his wife to help him overcome these flaws. And in the course of these epistles which are now silent witness to an extraordinarily busy life, it is apparent that he turned to her often. In one phrase, he confesses: "Our 'leaders' I loathe—self-seeking, insincere toads and vermin many of them." He was so different, and he hated his opposites! At another point, he writes "Three elements are needed in Jewish life—vision, unity, sacrifice." And the pattern of Jewish life hasn't changed. These are still needed, dearly.

Wise knew so many of the great men of his time, that they flit through these pages, quickly, sometimes, in a phrase: "Weizmann is big, forceful, terribly clever, but no Brandeis—lacking the latter's austerity and

exaltation." And again on Weizmann: "... devilishly clever advocate . . . The most fascinating of personalities. He even makes the truth seem interesting." Einstein is "a combination of child and sage." Al Smith, with whom he worked, was "cagey," and Wise didn't quite trust him. And although the noted Rabbi is remembered as a close friend of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, one is caught up short when he reads that Wise supported Norman Thomas in 1932, and not F.D.R. On this, too, he has something to tell his wife: "I shall pay for it in Synagogue and Institute and Congress and in every way. *Ich kann nicht anders* (I cannot do otherwise)." And then, wryly: "I never should have founded the Jewish Institute of Religion. It is a great work and it needs terribly to be done; but no man can go around the world sailing into the interests as I do and then get them to help for a school that is to perpetuate his teaching and ideal of religious ministry."

In a moment of despair—he spent a lifetime fighting, fighting, fighting—he writes: "I sometimes despair utterly of helping the Jewish people. Their leaders choose to wallow in the mire of personal advantage and self-seeking." Yet he is generous of his foes. When Felix Warburg died, Wise judged him as follows: "He had great virtues and what for me in a Jew of substance and power is the greatest of virtues—he cared for his people and gave them much."

Wise had a hero, and it was not Franklin Roosevelt, but Louis D. Brandeis. Again and again, Wise describes the virtues of Brandeis, with approval and admiration. To everyone, Wise insists that Brandeis is the Premier Jew of his time. Perhaps he was, but Wise himself looms no smaller. "I must serve God and man—not self," he says early in his career. And, at another moment, when a young European stopped him to tell him how much he meant to European Jews, Wise remarks that perhaps he will have "a day's remembrance by my people." And he writes softly when he adds: "A day is a long time for a little."

It is a pity that no really good biography has yet been written about Stephen Wise. It may be that it is yet too soon, and so we cannot savor the taste of this man in his partial autobiography, *Challenging Years*,

published after his death, or in these letters which, after all, are a miniscule part of his enormous correspondence. Yet it serves to remind you of the man you have known, if you were lucky enough to know him. The last letter in this volume reads: "I am not tearful or maudlin as I write this, but I am so wretched that I would be insensitive and stupid not to write as I do . . . I beg you to understand that my release, whenever it comes, is a great mercy. Into the Hand of God I commend my spirit. May He continue to vouchsafe me His grace and mercy."

He will.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

Jewish Ceremonial Art, edited by Stephen S. Kayser. Jewish Publication Society. 168 pp. \$3.00.

Although the ancient injunction against graven images was for centuries a liberal deterrent to the development of pictorial and sculptural art in the Hebraic milieu, in other directions the artistic skills and tendencies manifested themselves in a remarkable degree. The present catalogue raisonnée, which confirms this view, is essentially a guide to the art objects used in synagogue and home, and is based on the collections of the Jewish Museum of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. Early in 1955 these objects were on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York where they created marked public interest.

The volume is briefly but completely introduced in a foreword by Dr. Louis Finkelstein, who discusses artistic creation in line with Hebraic doctrine. The body of the book, apart from the editor's historical-esthetic survey which is well-informed and might well have been expanded into even greater detail, consists of a large number of well-produced photographs of Hebraic objects, together with a running commentary on each illustration. These notes cover stylistic form, the master maker, the provenance of the object under examination, and other relevant data. The objects themselves embrace a multitude of occasions, and range from ceremonial tablecloths and torah headpieces, phylactery cases and marriage rings, to mezuzahs and drinking cups, scrolls, hanukkah lamps, ram's horns, spice containers, and menorahs.

The mere pictorial survey of this array of highly skilled products bears ample evidence of the sensitiveness of the Hebraic masters, their warm devotion to their work, and the tightly-knit association of all these ceremonial objects with the living concepts of Judaism itself. The book is a tribute to Hebraic skill and to Hebraic traditions.

HARRY E. WEDECK

The Thaw, by Ilya Ehrenburg. Henry Regnery Company. 230 pp. \$3.50.

Among the numerous problems which the leaders of Soviet Russia have not succeeded in solving is that of producing good, let alone great, literature. In its early days the Revolution was graced by a few writers whose talent had matured in Tsarist days. Some of them were caught up by the revolutionary spirit of the day. Some of these later committed suicide when the inevitable disillusion overtook them. Others escaped to the free world. Others relapsed into silence or found outlet for their talents in such harmless activities as the translation of Shakespeare. But nobody came along to take their place. Within a rigid framework of state control the Soviet authorities did everything in their power to encourage literary production. Financial assistance, glittering awards and a privileged place in society were offered to those who would sing the praises of the new regime. The Kremlin gave everything except what was most needed—freedom. The result was that the new generation of writers turned out to be no more than hacks.

With the death of Stalin, who had set himself up as a dictator in the literary as much as in other fields, new hope arose among the Soviet writers. Some were rash enough to take the promise of greater freedom for its reality, threw aside the chains of "socialist realism" and began to write about the only life they knew in more or less truthful terms. Among them was Ilya Ehrenburg, who, though never noted for his rebellious spirit, produced in 1954 a short story entitled *The Thaw*. Its literary merit is negligible, but its political interest is considerable.

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

The story deals with the lives and loves of a handful of people in a provincial Russian town. Their experiences are extremely uninspiring. But it is this that makes the book interesting. For Ehrenburg has obviously gone out of his way to avoid the stereotyped "approved" characters of the Russian novel and fills his work with ordinary human beings endowed with ordinary human feelings. The Russian reader had forgotten that such people could exist in the pages of a book.

Ehrenburg, and the others who took advantage of the brief political "thaw" in Soviet Russia, were soon brought to account, and there are no signs that they are inclined to pursue their rebellion. At the writers congress at the end of last year the Party re-established its control and made it clear that, however badly they wrote, writers would continue to write what the Party wanted. Ilya Ehrenburg soon recanted. But it is fortunate that we now have his book in English to show us what Russian novelists would write about if they ever had the chance.

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Inside Africa, by John Gunther. Harper. 952 pp. \$6.00.

For almost a century Americans have been interested in Africa. Increasingly Africans have written about their continent for Americans. But it takes John Gunther to get us inside Africa—in readable, encyclopedic fashion.

Africa is a huge continent—geographically if not yet population-wise. Africa is a complex continent, ranging in problems from forced labor in Portuguese Angola to apartheid in the Union of South Africa. The common denominator is change: Africa is on the move and the world recognizes this, and thus the unbelievable interest just now in this erstwhile dark continent.

The common problem in describing Africa is to bring the many Africas concisely into a book of manageable proportions. Too often the brave soul with initial imagination enough to begin to write a single book about Africa somehow falters: from indigestion or from fragmentation. But Gunther has been inside enough big problems to stick doggedly to his purpose. While the result is a big book, it is a good book. He makes no pretense of collecting everything about Africa, even within his book's almost one thousand pages. But what he does include is pertinent and lively. For a man who has covered the continent rather quickly, his facts seem accurate—at least to one who has covered much less of that continent even faster.

Right at the beginning of the volume Gunther asks five questions which set this book apart from the usual travel-type book on Africa. These questions are what one might expect from the author: Is the white man finished in Africa? Are Africans capable of self-government? If imperialism is dead, what is going to take its place? Could communism capture Africa, as it has captured much of Asia? Can the colonial powers save their position by reform? These constitute the great political question: whither Africa? And the book is an African-sized answer, for on almost every page are raw materials to suggest answers. On page 892 (there are 59 pages of bibliography, notes, and index) he concludes that we Americans must give Africa our "most seasoned, scrupulous, and long-minded attention . . . Africa is awake,

Africa is alert . . . for good or ill it is marching with the times."

The forty-six chapters are pretty much a geographical presentation of the continent, with several chapters for bigger problems—areas such as Kenya and South Africa. Each chapter warrants almost a special review. This is impossible, but there is one chapter which merits special attention from this reviewer—that is chapter 35 on "A Visit to Dr. Albert Schweitzer." This is the most atypical chapter of the whole book, but it is one of the most important.

In 22 pages Gunther gives one of the best contemporary portraits of this living legend in his African hospital. Gunther approached Lambarene as he approached other parts of Africa: as a reporter with curiosity more than reverence. Gunther therefore approaches the reader with results more factual than romantic, but perhaps that's what the reader pays his six dollars for. Gunther cuts through some of the sentimentality surrounding Schweitzer. Far from resembling an Indian ashram, "an aseptic harbor of tranquillity, spirituality, and out-of-worldness," the Schweitzer hospital looks to Gunther like "what, in fact, it is—a native village." Once he adjusted himself to Lambarene, Gunther found Schweitzer "a most incisive, alert, and authoritative conversationalist."

Gunther could not help observing, as most visitors must, that "Africans try Schweitzer's patience sorely." He found other frailties: that he "does not know much about Africa except his own small and isolated corner, as he himself freely concedes." And Gunther disliked those in Africa—and America—who as Schweitzer venerated are horrified if his frailties are mentioned, since "they want their Great Man whole, untattered and undiminished." Yet the full chapter shows Schweitzer to be a great man, a saint perhaps, but not a god. And Gunther leaves Lambarene with a heightened affection which he will always remember for this "crusty old Bismarck of the spirit, this magnificent tyrant with a heart of gold." Not the usual description of Schweitzer that you will thumb through in the religious press, but again perceptive in the extreme.

HOMER A. JACK

Exhibition of Jewish Book Plates. Graphic Archives and Museum. 99 pp. \$2.50.

To bibliophiles, collectors and especially to collectors of *ex libris*, the publication of *Exhibition of Jewish Book Plates* will be a welcome addition. They will cherish it as a key with which they might unlock the door to a treasure house of coveted desiderata.

This catalogue is the "first" of a large scale exhibit of Jewish book plates. Though the subject of *ex libris* has of late undergone a revival of interest, as evidenced by the publication of scholarly monographs by Alfred Rubens and Philip Goodman respectively on specialized fields of *ex libris*, this book is the first printed catalogue on this general theme.

In the *Catalogue of the Anglo Jewish Historical Exhibition*, Royal Albert Hall, 1887, one of the earliest of Judaica exhibition catalogues, we find only nine *ex libris* exhibited, although book plate collecting was very much in vogue at that period. In the exhibit of Jewish Art and Antiquities held in Whitechapel in 1906, there were more than 108 book plates displayed. The Library and Museum of the Jewish community in Berlin, in its fourth exhibit, held in Berlin in 1927, while not displaying any book plates, lists in its catalogue a silk woven textile made in 1830, which was a replica of the *ex libris* of Ascher Matzel, Hungarian soldier and philanthropist (1763-1842).

The *Exhibition of Jewish Book Plates* describes eight hundred representative book plates which are currently exhibited in Jerusalem. The exhibit is sponsored by the National Union of Printing Workers in Israel and is held in their headquarters. The committee sponsoring this exhibit is headed by Prof. Ben Zion Dinur and other leading personalities of literary and artistic fame. The catalogue was prepared by Mr. Avrom Weiss, archivist and librarian who has been a collector of *ex libris* for many years, and owns the largest collection of Jewish *ex libris* in Israel. He is an authority on the subject, and has contributed much original research on *ex libris* lore.

The catalogue is written in Hebrew and English. Its aim is "to offer a retrospective review of the development of the Jewish *ex libris* in all form and styles, from its beginning until the present day." The selec-

tion covers all parts of the Jewish world. Seventy-six reproductions of book plates are accompanied by explanations of the historic or artistic significance of the designs. The list of artists embraces a period of 235 years (1720-1955), and samples of their *ex libris* are given. One hundred and fifteen artists from the Diaspora and 48 Israeli artists are enumerated. All the 800 *ex libris* are grouped in categories and classified according to style and motif.

By singling out for display 41 of his personal *ex libris*, special tribute is paid to the most eminent Jewish collector of our time, Mr. Marco Birnholz, formerly of Vienna, and now of New York. Mr. Birnholz' collection consisted of 40,000 *ex libris*, including some of the rarest book plates. During the last war his entire collection was confiscated by the Nazis and later returned to him with many items missing. For his own personal and family use Birnholz had 350 book plates prepared by the leading artists of our times.

A special section for physicians' book plates is appended. It is revealing that from all professions the medical field leads in the possession of book plates for personal use. Dr. S. I. Plashkes, director of archives of the Israeli Society for Medical History, writing in the catalogue states that "ten per cent of all book plates are prepared for medical men . . . The physician is so closely associated with his books, on which he is dependent because of the old and new information and theories they contain . . . So it is not surprising that medical men even more than other cultured persons tend to prepare *ex libris* to safeguard their precious possessions . . ."

As we read this catalogue we pause admiringly at the earliest book plate, that of the priest Hector Pomer, dated 1525, which contains a Hebrew inscription. It is attributed to Albrecht Durer. We note the imposing heraldic plates of the Anglo-Jewish nobility, the Montefiores, Sassoons, Disraeli. We study examples of Lilien's romantic black and white plates, Struck's delicate landscape etchings, Budko's jewel-like embellishments, Geller's intensely accentuated Jewish motifs. We are stimulated by the works of modern Israeli artists who show a fresh and original style mirroring the beauty of the Israeli landscape, and single out the

works of the master of Jewish graphic arts, Jacob Steinhardt, the octogenarian Shlomo Yedidia (Seelenfreund) and David Dawidowicz, leading member of the exhibition committee. We are awed by the many Israeli memorial *ex libris* which immortalize the sacrifice paid for the price of liberty.

A most striking curiosity is the plate of Wladislaw Chrapusta, a Polish Hebraist who has written Hebrew poems and translated Bialik's stories into Polish.

"It is hoped," states Mr. Weiss in his introduction, "that the present exhibition may help to popularize the *ex libris* among Israel's book lovers, encouraging the Jewish artist to devote his attention and talents to this branch of graphics . . ."

It is regrettable that the 84 pages of the reading material contained in the catalogue are interspersed with advertisements which detract from the continuity of the work.

The editor and sponsoring organization, the National Union of Printing Workers in Israel, are to be congratulated for pioneering the first large book plate exhibit and recording it by issuing the first *ex libris* catalogue.

LEAH YABLONSKY MISHKIN

The Story of Eleanor Roosevelt, by Jeanette Eaton. William Morrow & Co. 251 pp. \$3.95.

The Story of Eleanor Roosevelt, by Jeanette Eaton, spans a period from two years before her mother's death, when Eleanor was eight, to her present work in organizing new branches of the American Association for the United Nations.

With such a vast amount of material to be covered in only 247 pages, it is easy to see why Eleanor's wedding to Franklin Roosevelt on March 17th, 1905, was reported as early as page 35. Until she went to school in England, Eleanor's personality was mainly shy and insecure. The school was a turning point because the headmistress, Mlle. Souvestre, gave her the understanding and approval she had been lacking. Her knowledge of Europe was a point of mutual interest between herself and F.D.R., whom she began to see when she returned from school. Miss Eaton's account of the courtship is a refreshing refutation of the belief that F.D.R. did Eleanor a favor by marrying her.

There are spots where the writing style seems too sentimental, particularly when compared with the tart style of John Gunther, whose *Roosevelt in Retrospect* is part of the author's bibliography. This can be explained by a quote of Miss Eaton's in the publisher's blurb: "Biography for young people is my vocation." Much in this book is of value to young people, including a superficial coverage of the entire political career of F.D.R. For one who remembers this era, there is a feeling that time is made to pass too fast, but the events do become alive to teenagers who may be inclined to think of World War II as being as ancient as the Civil War. An interesting disclosure is that Eleanor's speeches and travels were made at the suggestion of F.D.R. and his advisors. Louis Howe urged her to build up political contacts for her husband when Roosevelt was re-entering New York politics upon his partial recovery from his attack of polio. After he became President, traveling and reporting to him was Eleanor's best contribution to her husband.

Eleanor Roosevelt gains her greatest power and dignity with her work as a United Nations delegate, particularly as the American representative on the Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee. Miss Eaton's account of this period is the strongest, most educational part of her book.

PHYLLIS A. GILSON

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Big Business Leaders in America, by W. Lloyd Warner and James C. Abegglen, Harper and Brothers. 243 pp. \$3.75.

The Big Business Executive, 1900-1950, by Mabel Newcomer. Columbia University Press. 164 pp. \$4.00.

Great Enterprise, by Herrymon Maurer. The Macmillan Company. 303 pp. \$5.00.

Some of the most important research now being done in the social sciences is concerned with the leadership and actions of big corporations. The stimulus and methodology for these inquiries have come partly from sociologists' growing concern with the statistical study of social mobility, or movement up and down the occupational ladder, partly from the economists' belated effort to understand the dominant business form of our time. These varying emphases are apparent in the books under review.

Warner and Abegglen collected data by questionnaire from more than 8,000 business executives, covering such factors as the occupation of fathers, their own education, whether they were born in cities or in the country, when they started working and the nature of their first jobs, and so on. The authors find, for instance, that sons of business executives or owners of large businesses are nearly eight times more common among the current business elite than among the total population. But sons of unskilled and semi-skilled laborers have only 16 per cent of their pro rata representation in the business elite. This seems to indicate a highly stratified society. But by comparing their results with those secured in a pioneer study by Taussig and Joslyn of the business leaders of 25 years ago, Warner and Abegglen conclude that social mobility into the business elite has increased over this period. Poor boys have a better go at it now, even if their chances are still very bad in comparison to those of rich boys. Warner and Abegglen attribute this increased mobility to the greater availability of education.

The authors also report on psychological interviews with several "representative" executives and their wives. Some of this material reads like a horror story. One man, when asked if his business associates were close friends, replied: "Who has any good friends?" That's a fitting summary of the situation of many executives. But in spite

of some interesting material, the Warner and Abegglen book should be approached cautiously. I cannot remember ever having seen a scholarly book which contained more errors. Two tables have been interchanged and appear under the wrong headings in the wrong locations; the word "foremen" becomes "farmers" in another table; we read that "in 1900, only one third of the population lived in the metropolitan centers," but elsewhere the correct figure of 11 per cent is given. This flagrant carelessness in presenting data inevitably raises the question of whether there was equal carelessness in collecting and analyzing them.

Miss Newcomer's book is, if more limited in conception, more precise in execution. She has made a similar statistical study of the presidents and board chairmen of the largest nonfinancial corporations in 1900, 1925, and 1950. The 1900 group numbers 284 men, the 1925 group 319 men, the recent group 863 men. By carefully comparing the characteristics and backgrounds of the top business leaders of these three periods, she is able to establish certain trends with a high degree of reliability. Her study too shows that men from the poorer classes now have a better chance than formerly of reaching the apex of business. Modern managers are much better educated; increasingly they are spending their entire business life with a single corporation; they are hired professionals at management whose income derives overwhelmingly from salaries rather than from profits.

The Newcomer book, like that by Warner and Abegglen, is stiff reading. Both books abound with tables on a wide variety of topics, and the texts are mainly explications of the tables. I wonder if these bewildering arrays of figures could not be simplified by an effort to find correlations among the various factors. From the Warner and Abegglen volume and from earlier historical studies, for instance, I have the impression that several other characteristics, such as education, might show a high degree of correlation as to whether a person was born in a rural area or in a city. But Miss Newcomer has not even included this last question in her investigation.

The Maurer volume, so we are told, is based on an intensive study of the structure and behavior of 50 large corporations. It is

further, we are told, an effort to generalize on these matters so as to provide a foundation for a new and more realistic economic theory. All that is fine, but the promise far outruns the performance. In spite of Maurer's patronizing tone toward earlier students of the big corporation, I cannot find a single valid insight in his book which was not reported by such writers as Berle and Means, Gordon, Drucker, Galbraith, Lilienthal, Cole, and others. His historical section is woeful. Some of his statements are breathtaking: "By and large, the rationale of the large corporation itself prohibits managers from making antisocial decisions on such basic matters as profits, production, and price." Relax, children, you're in good hands.

The subject-matter of these books is important, and they deserve a wide reading. Even the Maurer book, if read with a critical eye, can serve as a useful summary of current thinking about certain aspects of the big corporation.

RAY GINGER

The Easy Chair, by Bernard DeVoto. Houghton Mifflin. 368 pp. \$4.00.

"No one knows better than a journalist that his work is ephemeral. As I have said in my preface, it is not important, it is only indispensable." Thus the late Bernard DeVoto, with characteristic bellicosity, in the first of these thirty-one pieces from "The Easy Chair," that outpost of personal journalism that DeVoto occupied for twenty years at *Harper's* magazine.

For DeVoto, journalism properly conceived was one with medicine and religion in public responsibility and necessity. No calling was higher, few imposed such crucifying demands upon their practitioners, none were so large with capacity for good, but so painfully inadequate, generally, in fulfillment. It was DeVoto's boast that *Harper's* and "The Easy Chair" represented together a nearly lone survival of a form of vigorous, pertinent writing that was once much more common in America.

If this view seems incredibly narrow, ignoring as it does the more rugged and outspoken achievement of magazines like *The Reporter*, *The Progressive*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, and certain of the hardy reviews and quarterlies—most of which

DeVoto disliked—at the same time it contains truth enough to make this book unusually interesting. DeVoto's was by no means our major voice of liberal journalism, as he liked to believe, nor was his the most outspoken nor the most penetrating voice, but despite his lapses into the trivial, the shallow, the merely reportorial, he did manage to say to us things that needed to be said when we were most inclined to overlook or flee them.

It is a valuable experience to reread "Due Notice to the FBI," written in 1949, a satiric *tour de force* in Federal busybodying that brought down upon DeVoto the combined wraths of Mr. Hoover, Senator McCarthy, and a freehand assortment of official and unofficial investigators. This piece, and certain others similarly preoccupied, refutes nicely the standard notion that as far as civil liberties were concerned DeVoto was consistently too late and too little. It may be that he wore his scars from these skirmishes much as Baudelaire wore his overwrought subconscious, like a Kiwanis button, but this unaccountable gracelessness in the man in no way detracts from the dedicated usefulness of the journalist.

Conservatism, or the lack of it, was another *bete noir* of DeVoto's, a preoccupation that, like his concern for civil liberties, frequently earned him scorn from people who should have known better—"So who's against the birds and bees and trees anymore?" The point is, DeVoto was not concerned with the birds and bees and trees, as such, any more than his detractors, but he was deeply concerned with something rather more important, a variety of political low-jinks that threatened, and continue to threaten, the ultimate fate and use of our remaining natural resources. To read "Sacred Cows and Public Lands," "Conservation: Down and on the Way Out," and like articles is to make the acquaintance of a DeVoto who, in this matter at least, well deserved the laurels he awarded himself so often.

As a literary critic, as an inveterate generalizer who professedly distrusted generalization, as a social commentator and humorist, DeVoto was less successful, and these failings are represented with what seems unnecessary fidelity in the present collection. DeVoto's view of literature reveals an aston-

ishing lack of depth perception—"I distrust the literary approach to experience, preferring direct approaches"—which dismisses in a fit of journalistic pique mankind's most significant achievements. Similarly, his essay "The Ex-Communists" approaches a complex psychological problem with appalling obliqueness and insensitivity. But, in terms of the whole, these weak points are adequately redeemed by more valuable fare, by the historical studies, which are too few, and by essays as delightful as "Almost Toujours Gai," a wry tribute to the nearly forgotten art of Don Marquis, creator of Archy and Mehitabel.

If Bernard DeVoto was no Thoreau, nor even much of a Mencken, he was clearly the honest proprietor of an intensely personal and arresting journalism, a journalism that despite its frequent pugnacious triviality often rang true and struck hard blows where they mattered. For that reason, it is good to have this collection from "The Easy Chair."

We could well use another Bernard DeVoto.

ANTHONY ARAU

The Pillar of Salt, by Albert Memmi. Criterion Books. 342 pp. \$3.75.

Born of an Italian-Jewish father and a Berber mother in the near-ghetto of the Tunisian slums, Alexandre Mordekhai Benillouche, the protagonist of Albert Memmi's novel, lives in a society where he "... is a native in a colonial country, a Jew in an anti-semitic universe, an African in a world dominated by Europe."

Brought up in Jewish ways in the febrile, teeming pulse of the Tunisian pale, Alexandre is *bar-mitzvah*. He lives through a pogrom where: "We barricaded our doors and windows, the front door with two bars of wrought iron . . . we sat and listened for any unusual sounds. From time to time, my father . . . rushed to the window. As he grew paler, I recognized on his face the marks of the terror which he had transmitted to me in my earliest childhood. Will I ever be able to rid myself of that cold clamminess at the back of my neck, and of the absurd feeling of being paralyzed and disarmed in the face of a humiliating death?"

Alexandre wins a scholarship to continue his studies, and soon abandons his goal of becoming a doctor, to become a teacher.

In this cosmopolitan, yet curiously provincial school, where European and North African, Jew and Christian and Moslem live together and yet apart, knowledge, Benillouche tells us, "was the very origin . . . of all the rifts and frustrations that . . . became apparent in my life." Like many young Jewish intellectuals, he rebels against his Jewishness. He flaunts the Sabbath customs. He argues with his father. He still remains a Jew, but only by negation.

However, with the German occupation of Tunisia, Alexandre, deserted by his French friends, disillusioned by France's failure to protect the Jews, takes a positive step to identify himself with his fellow Jews. Although exempt from the forced labor camps because of a spot on one of his lungs, he rejects his exemption and goes to the concentration camp. Here, at great risk, he organizes Jewish Sabbath services. He tries to alleviate the lot of his fellow Jews. Then, in a superbly under-written passage, Benillouche escapes and returns to his home town.

He returns to what appears to be a changed world. His family is now prospering as never before. Jews will once again be admitted to the Universities. But when he tries to join the Free French Army he is rejected because of the policy of not enlisting any Jews. He finds he has lost seniority on his old teaching position, because he had chosen to resign at the beginning of the German occupation rather than be fired because he was a Jew. Nevertheless, he does take examinations for admittance to school, but under the persuasion of a friend, decides to leave Tunisia forever, and sets out for Argentina.

The title of Albert Memmi's book is taken from the story of Lot's wife (Genesis 19: 26): "But his wife looked back from behind him and she became a pillar of salt." One wonders whether Alexandre Mordekhai Benillouche by "escaping" to Argentina, instead of staying in Tunisia and fighting for the things he believes in, will too not turn into a pillar of salt.

Although the author has several minor technical errors in his book, such as introducing characters by name only in conversation with Alexandre and then waiting several pages to describe their relationship, and although he calls a character "Michel" on one page and "Michael" on the next,

Albert Memmi, himself a native North African of mixed descent, has written a sensitive, mature novel, which starkly portrays the search of the marginal man for his place in the sun.

The superb, eye-catching book jacket is designed by Friedebald Dzubas.

LEE B. WALLERSTEIN

The Meaning of Nationalism, by Louis L. Snyder with a foreword by Hans Kohn. Rutgers University Press. 208 pp. \$4.50.

Red Scare, by Robert K. Murray. Minnesota University Press. 336 pp. \$4.75.

France Against Herself, by Herbert Luethy. Frederick A. Praeger. 476 pp. \$6.50.

Since the middle of the nineteenth century the number of controversial "isms" has steadily mounted, each accompanied by such polemics as to obscure what simple meanings they might once have had. Not the least of these controversial "isms" has been that of nationalism, passionately advocated by some as the supreme good, vigorously condemned by others as evil incarnate. For the diplomat seated at the conference table, such concepts as national character, national tradition, and even *nation*—on which he is asked to base decisions affecting the lives of millions—must often have a frightening vagueness or emptiness about them. For the scholar, the immense complexity of the phenomenon of nationalism has long been baffling. The semantic dilemma has been further magnified to different connotations of nationalism at different periods in history. Thus, in the early nineteenth century, it was generally identified with liberalism and the political and social gains of the French Revolution; since the latter half of the century it has often been equated with the most reactionary political and social elements in the Western countries. Nor do the difficulties end here. Once mainly the concern of the historian, nationalism has, in recent decades, been investigated by other disciplines which, while elucidating some facets of the concept, have at the same time obscured others.

Although an historian, Professor Snyder has conducted his inquiry along multidisciplinary lines. His highly varied portrait in *The Meaning of Nationalism* is painted on a broad canvas in tones that are sociological,

anthropological, psychological, as well as historical. This first interdisciplinary survey of nationalism has resulted in the most complete and varied description yet made and offers several interesting hypotheses for future investigations.

Dr. Snyder points out that the meaning of nationalism cannot be clarified by definition, but only by description. Yet, sensing the reader's need for a concise statement, he submits, apologetically, the following as the least objectionable: "Nationalism, a product of political, economic, social, and intellectual factors at a certain stage in history, is a condition of mind, feeling or sentiment of a group of people living in a well-defined geographical area, speaking a common language, possessing a literature in which the aspirations of a nation have been expressed, attached to common traditions and common customs, venerating its own heroes, and, in some cases, having a common religion." He regards nationalism as mainly a state of mind, an act of consciousness, in short, as a psychological fact. Professor Snyder, like other students before him, differentiates between various types of nationalism. He distinguishes especially between a "good" form, inclusive and devoid of feelings of superiority, and an "evil" one which is divided and the result of group fears, anxieties, frustrations and aggressions.

Considering that the author approached the same phenomenon from a variety of angles, the extreme similarity of material might easily have produced an unreadable or indigestible book. By supplying compact summaries at the conclusion of each chapter, Professor Snyder has greatly facilitated the reader's task. To the literature on nationalism he has contributed a new scholarly method of studying an old problem and a book which is not only readable but eminently worth reading.

The Red Scare of 1919-1920 as a national state of mind with rabid manifestations here vividly recounted by Robert K. Murray, cannot be dissociated from the idea of nationalism. For, as the author demonstrates convincingly, the national hysteria of the closing years of the Wilson administration was the work of superpatriotic societies and individuals, some of whom were as sincere as they were misguided, while others consciously exploited the Bolshevik menace for

the furtherance of their own selfish ends. Their patriotism was one of emotionally charged phrases, pledges of allegiance and a set of prepared formulae. It did not stem, Professor Murray explains, from the comprehension and appreciation of a beloved way of life.

The author skillfully provides the historical setting: war-time need for absolute loyalty led to the establishment of independent and government-sponsored agencies which warned continually against wartime sabotage and sedition. When the war ended, their immediate task removed, these groups gradually displayed a stronger interest in economic and social conservatism than in underwriting a healthy patriotism. Disagreement with their philosophy invited at once the accusation of Bolshevism and un-Americanism. With the horrors of the Russian Revolution still fresh in the public mind, the Bolshevik charge proved especially toxic, gradually heightening the national fever to the point at which constitutional safeguards of freedom and security appeared only to be violated in the name of a hollow Americanism. President Wilson's illness, necessitating his withdrawal from public decisions, removed the strong hand needed to hold the fanaticism in check.

Professor Murray's account of the outstanding manifestations of the Red scare offers exciting reading. The motivations, execution and moral and political defense of the Palmer raids, the ludicrous gyrations of the Lusk Committee, the evolution of the violent strikes of the time—are all related with consummate narrative skill.

The similarities to our own Red scare—longer in duration, physically less violent, but mentally more shocking—emerge clearly from the pages of this book. Now, as then, faith, reason, tolerance and security were supplanted by their opposites. But then, as now, the exploiters of fear went too far and the dormant good sense of the American people was reawakened. The author is to be congratulated for maintaining throughout this work a reasonable detachment, unquestionably a difficult task with a problem still heavily charged with an incendiary emotionalism. Further credit is due for an important historical service and a well written and even exciting book.

Nationalism is also in the rich supporting cast of political and economic forces in Herbert Luethy's *France Against Herself*, perhaps the most brilliant critical study of a country since de Tocqueville's analysis of America. Mr. Luethy terms France "the nation par excellence, la nation which at bottom refuses to accept the idea of la nation in the plural." But in addition to the French concept of nation and the country's tradition of liberal nationalism, Mr. Luethy treats with equal originality, penetration and wit every facet of French political, economic, social and cultural life, past, present and future. On the basis of this book Mr. Luethy must be rated as one of the most refreshingly original political commentators of our time.

In the salty manner reminiscent of the *philosophes*, the author compiles an impressive number of puzzling complexities and contradictions in French life. He contrasts the hopeless convulsions of French parliaments and governments with the ageless stability and sturdy invulnerability of the administration and state apparatus; he confronts the idealistic rhetoric of republican orators with their exceptional readiness to make daily compromises with reality; he speaks of the parliament as a "chamber of interests" which willingly sanctions expenditure but then refuses to meet it. Beside the universalism of Paris he places the provincialism of the countryside; next to national tolerance he finds a proclivity toward shameless polemics; alongside a deep and spontaneous national consciousness he discovers a complete disregard for the state and the common good. Mr. Luethy proceeds to outline mercilessly similar cleavages in the national personality.

Yet, despite this cold dissection of the self-contained and strangely split personality of France, Mr. Luethy, a Swiss by birth who has chosen to live in Paris, feels a genuine love for his adopted country. His comments, however caustic and outspoken, do not accuse or condemn; they are the astute and often witty comments of a rational and enlightened mind.

Several of Mr. Luethy's theses and historical conclusions bear the stamp of the history of an earlier period. They are too symmetrically even, too artistically neat, too broad and general to be entirely credible.

Nor does Mr. Luethy always supply the full data on which his sometimes sweeping conclusions are based. But this is so powerful a book, so rich in insight and thought, that this flaw in methodology and presentation can easily be forgiven.

For those who have felt a need for clarification of the jumble that has been French politics since the great national Revolution—and for those who enjoy criticism at its best—*France Against Herself* is indispensable reading.

LOTHAR KAHN

Working-class Anti-Semite. A Psychological Study in a London Borough, by James H. Robb. Tavistock Publications. 253 pp. 15s.

Studies of socially objectionable behavior can be approached in two different ways. One is to investigate the environmental conditions which favor such objectionable behavior. The other is to ask why some people fell for the ecological temptations while others remain uncorrupted.

Dr. Robb is addicted to the latter approach. He has, however, prefaced his researches into anti-Semitism in Bethnal Green with a useful sketch of life in that district. He shows keen sensitivity to the cultural differences between social classes. He himself worked as a part-time bartender ("participant observer") in a local pub, and got to know many people at varied levels. In addition he conducted prolonged interviews with a random sample of about 100 subjects. These naturally included some with anti-Semite feeling of varying degrees of intensity and others classified as "tolerant" personalities. The theory that emerges finds the anti-Semite's attitudes to be the reflection of his own emotional frustration and insecurities. The Jew-hater directs against the Jews the grudges he nurses against life in general. Such a "scapegoat" interpretation antedates, of course, the days of formal social investigation. Whether it gains much from being dressed up in a rather formidable array of psycho-analytic lingo is perhaps open to argument.

More modern is the search for the origins of prejudice in infantile experiences.

The first step in the formation of a prejudiced personality seems to be the establishment of a poor relationship with the parents in infancy and childhood, probably through the medium of some form

of rejection of the child by the parents, usually associated with erratic discipline, thus laying the foundations for a belief that the world is an unfriendly, unpredictable place.

Be that as it may the present reviewer has never been able to see fully the relevance of the Freudian "cold bottle" approach. Can one really blame an individual's anti-Semitism on the fact that he (or she) was fed a cold formula? This is thrown in as a somewhat facetious remark.

In fact, Dr. Robb does not give this approach too much credence. He thinks that, in analyzing causes of prejudice, one should allow far greater weight to the shocks of later life—such as dismissal from a job in circumstances felt to be unjust—than would the more extreme adherents of the "maternal deprivation" school.

As to the evidence proper, it is kind of hard to make up one's mind. Some of Dr. Robb's extreme anti-Semites had strict fathers—sometimes admired, sometimes not—and several were reticent about their parents. But the same is true of some of his tolerant group. The material presented is quite insufficient to establish any valid generalizations. What does appear, however, is that the anti-Semites were embittered and generally rather unsociable people. They were not conspicuously more unfortunate than their neighbors. Neither the extent nor the quality of their personal contact with Jews had much to do with the violence of their anti-Jewish sentiments.

It follows from Dr. Robb's thesis that even the mild anti-Semites are unlikely to change their attitudes as the result of the well-intentioned but sometimes naive activities of anti-defamation leagues and educationalists.

While Dr. Robb rejects the "naive educationalists" he maintains that prejudice will yield only to "therapeutic activities" of the type already practiced under the auspices of the Tavistock Institute in the fields of marriage welfare, child guidance and industrial relations.

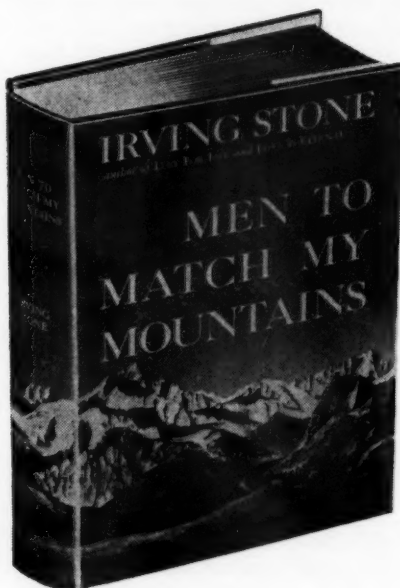
If, instead of using the doctrinaire "only," Dr. Robb had used the humble "among others," I would have been in full agreement with his conclusions. As matters stand now, he seems merely to have replaced the anti-defamation panacea with the therapeutic panacea. Neither of them—exclusively applied—will do.

FRANK MEISSNER

IRVING STONE

*writes the seven-league-boots
saga of the opening of the
Far West by the rugged
men who met its
challenge*

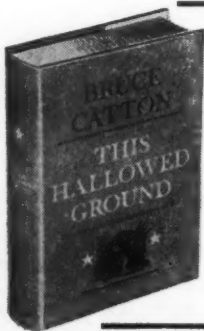
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Texas Folk and Folklore, edited by Boatright, Hudson & Maxwell. Southern Methodist University Press. 356 pp. \$5.00.

That the state of Texas is possessed of a rich and varied folklore is a proposition to which few, particularly Texans, would take exception. Differing racial groups, notably Indians, Mexicans, and Negroes, apart from white settlers, contributed to the story that is Texas, maintaining throughout their several identities, and giving rise to a set of folkways and folklore that to this day remain distinct and characteristic. *Texas Folk and Folklore* is an anthology of materials published originally in the first twenty-five volumes of the Texas Folklore Society, an organization dedicated to the accumulation and enshrinement of various representations of the Texas spirit.

The first permanent settlement in Texas was made at San Antonio by the Spanish in 1718. After Mexico gained its independence, Texas became one of the Mexican states, and colonies of American citizens, invited by the Mexicans, settled in the eastern section of the territory. A revolt against the mother country followed, and in 1836, independence was proclaimed. In 1845, it accepted statehood in the United States, only to become one of the rebel states that fought against the Union during the Civil War. In 1870, Texas rejoined the Union.

It would appear that there is a good deal on which the social analyst might want to spend some time in this volume. We know well that the mythology of a culture can be an eminently fruitful source for its understanding, and the Texas tales in this collection are very obviously mirrors in which to see, comprehend, and appraise the subject area. The reasonably uncomplicated stories such as "How Coyote Got Fire for the People and Made the Sun," and "How the Earth was Created," are commentaries upon the Indians that will not be appreciated from a study of learned treatises or cultural diagnoses. Mexican tales about the mockingbird, the cicada, and the guadalupana vine reveal at least their nature-boundedness.

The Negro tales and jokes are of particular interest because of their essentially indigenous American quality and the unquenchable humor, as well as pathos, that they reflect. The lot of the slave, and the resigna-

tion of many of the characters in these tales are truly typical of the sentiments historically associated with the Southern dorky. How a bullet was heard twice ("I heard de bullet when hit passed me, an I heard hit ergin when I passed hit"), and how an absconder pleaded his cause ("Ah's owned dat wagon ever since it was a wheelbarrow"), are incidents, the humor of which in the telling are reasonably certain to palliate the doleful.

Teachers, parents, and those in any way concerned with the education of future generations are bound to find much of interest in the section devoted to stories and songs for children. Buried treasure legends marked by language seasoned with Mexican idiom and honest with the soil's honesty, are to be found in the section on "Legends," among others. Ghost stories and ballads, the latter group consisting of songs and ballads that at one time furnished material for folk gathered at community singings, include Spanish corridos (*Versos de los Bandidos* and *El Toro Moro*, by way of example), and Negro songs. "Games and Gatherings" has much in the way of novelty, and interesting variations on time-honored proverbs are to be found among the familiar saying of old time Texans, (e.g., "He hasn't got as much sense as last year's bird nest with the bottom punched out."). Negro sayings ("Yuh mought as well die wid de chills ez wid de fever"), and dichos of the Spanish element ("A bocha cerrada no entra mosca — A closed mouth catches no flies") afford us a more complete potpourri of expression.

Superstitions, being part of the warp and woof of Texan diversity, cannot be gainsaid, and there are consequently a good number in the collection in this book. You may be pleased, and surprised, to learn that burning onion peels will bring you money. You will, on the other hand, need a cure, and of course, you will find one in the pharmacopoeia that is *Texas Folk*. Lunacy, for example, may be overcome by applying the buttercup plant to the neck in the wane of the moon.

There is as considerable a folklore about Texas plants as there is about Texas animals. Could it be that the meteorological services in Texas rely upon turkey buzzards flying at great altitudes, indicating rain thereby? Take caution that you do not despoil a

kildeer's nest lest you break a leg or an arm! In all of the oil regions of the United States there circulate certain arche-typal stories which are told as truth and often printed in good faith, but which frequently prove to be fictitious. Appropriately, some of these oil (banana oil?) stories are included in this collection.

This book ought, as the preface says, to be as much fun as an old-time cowboy dance. Its possibilities seem unlimited and its relevancy universal. Like the cowboy who rode about carrying the news of the dance, it is suggested, "Everybody invited and nobody slighted!"

HILLIARD A. GARDINER

The Nazarene Gospel Restored, by Robert Graves and Joshua Podro. Doubleday and Co. 982 pp. \$10.00.

Robert Graves, one of the greatest historical novelists of our times, has collaborated with Joshua Podro, a Jewish scholar, in producing this monumental book, which presents Jesus as a devout Jew who, with only minor reservations, held the Pharisaic attitude toward Mosaic Law, who never equated himself with God, and who, although he performed certain acts of faith-healing in God's name (as other Jewish rabbis of the period have done), neither did nor suffered anything that lay outside human experience.

The authors' approach to their task is scientific. That is, they take the stories of the Gospels one by one and then set out to restore them to their original form by comparing them to Old Testament stories or sayings and by arguing along logical lines. The approach is scientific even to the extent of a detailed analysis of the method followed (this part taking up the first 42 pages of the book). If nevertheless the blurb calls the book a "brilliantly imaginative reconstruction," one has the feeling that the authors would have little sympathy with the adjective "imaginative." Their avowed purpose was unquestioningly to produce a scholarly volume of equal or even higher order than other scholarly studies on the Gospels.

The present writer was intimately connected with the book while the authors worked on it. The crucial chapters "The An-

nunciation" and "The Coronation" (pp. 92-122) are based primarily on a study of his, published several years ago in the *Hebrew Union College Annual* (cf. Raphael Patai, "Hebrew Installation Rites," *HUCA*, 1947, pp. 143-226), which is quoted repeatedly and at length in the book. Arguments around several points were carried on in an extensive correspondence between Graves (writing from Mallorca or England) and the reviewer (writing first from Jerusalem and later from New York). Some differences of opinion were ironed out in these letters, others remained. A careful perusal of the finished product by the reviewer revealed numerous additional disagreements, and what the reviewer regards as factual or linguistic errors. But to dwell on these would be captious in view of the huge amount of learning revealed in the nearly one thousand pages of this book.

The most frequently employed method of interpretation of New Testament texts and of the re-establishment of their original form is to demonstrate that the passage in question is directly dependent on the Old Testament, or is "a midrash on" an Old Testament passage. To quote but a few typical examples, the famous parable of the Lost Sheep is pronounced "a midrash on Zachariah xi. 4-9" (p. 179); the parable of the Neglectful Servants is a midrash on Proverbs vii. 6-27 (p. 248); the parable of the Leaven (Matthew xiii. 33; Luke xiii. 20-21; Mark viii. 14-16; etc.) is a midrash on Hosea vii. 4 and on Amos iv. 4-5 (p. 311); Matthew xxiii. 39 and Luke xiii. 35, where Jesus's farewell on the Mount of Olives is recorded in a midrash on Psalm cxviii. 17-26 (p. 586).

This method of tracing back practically every passage in the New Testament to its origin in the Old Testament (or less frequently in the Apocrypha) is applied consistently—one is tempted to say relentlessly—throughout the book. As a result the entire life story of Jesus appears as a series of conscious efforts to re-enact and dramatize the Old Testament, and primarily those prophecies and other passages which refer to the hoped-for Anointed (Messiah) of God, the expected spiritual and temporal Lord. The same method greatly helps the authors to restore the original wording of the Gospel since the assumption is made

that the original text must have corresponded more closely to the Old Testament passage on which it is a midrash than its later emendation.

The "historical imagination" of the authors, emphasized in the blurb, rests on the solid understructure of their indubitable scholarship. Ancient sources written in Hebrew, Aramaic, Syriac, Greek, Latin, etc., are utilized with the same competence with which Biblical, historical and other studies of modern authors are dealt with. Add to this the authors' approach which bursts the conventional restraints of commonplace, plodding and pedestrian scholarship, and you may get some idea as to the fascination of this volume. It will be most interesting to see what influence this book will exert on traditional and strictly scientific New Testament exegesis.

RAPHAEL PATAI

Two Worlds: A Jewish Childhood in Edinburgh, by David Daiches. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 192 pp. \$3.50.

David Daiches is known in his own right as a sensitive and perceptive critic of English literature, and in his family right as the younger son of a distinguished rabbi. His paternal ancestry has produced eminent Talmudic scholars, without exception, as far back as the eleventh century (which they trace directly to the famous Rashi), and his father heightened the tradition by his great leadership of the Jewish community of Scotland. Having established himself as a stylish writer in his earlier critical works, it is hardly surprising that the autobiography of so distinguished a son should be awaited with some enthusiasm. Especially, considering that its author separated himself from his ancestral way of life and that, like Ludwig Lewisohn, devoted himself to such secular pursuits as literature.

Mr. Daiches has sensibly refused to write a theological apologia for his apostasy from the religion of his fathers and has written, instead, a vivid and touching account of the family environment in which his action took place. He begins with a gentle and nostalgic remembrance of his childhood, when the two "worlds" of orthodox observances and of secular pursuits rarely came into conflict with one another. Scotland had seen little of

anti-Semitism, particularly in the 1920's, and he met few troubles in adapting his Jewish piety to the strange world of a grammar school. His schoolmates accepted his restrictions against eating *treife* meat and playing games on Saturdays and, in their Presbyterian way, they held Rabbi Daiches in great awe as the bearded and dignified leader of the People of the Book. David Daiches describes gently how he saw for himself the two worlds, the timeless delights of childhood, and the solemn, seasonal observances of the Jewish calendar.

As he states in his concluding pages, his book is intended to be more a portrait of his father, who did so much to shape his own childhood and adolescence, than a memoir of himself. Certainly, it can be said that he has sketched an intimate and personal view of the famed rabbi, as seen from the perspective of his own home. His son has succeeded in delineating those dual elements of orthodoxy and modernism which the Rabbi brought from his training at the Hildesheimer Seminary and at Leipzig. He narrates how his father attempted to blend the immutable authority of rabbinic teaching with a Kantian interpretation of ethical value, and how he sought to realize this synthesis by blending his own Edinburgh community into the distinctive culture of Scottish society. He admits, quite openly, that Rabbi Daiches was far too scholarly and idealistic a leader to achieve this realization. Though he wrote thoughtful treatises on the Scottish philosopher, Hume, and daily championed the Jewish cause in public meetings, letters to the newspapers, and interviews with civic leaders, the Rabbi was quite unprepared for that holocaust of Nazism which shattered the complacency of the 1920's, and which reverberated even among the distant glens of Scotland.

The autobiographer has, indeed, suggested a fine portrait of the scholarly greatness and human weaknesses of his father, and he has filled in that background of family life in which his own development occurred. He describes with unfailing delicacy the family holidays and arguments, the educational successes and financial hardships which constitute the invariable themes of Jewish biography, and he chronicles the deepening of the rift between his two worlds of family and secular life. Conscious of their ancient

genealogy and of their father's acclaimed position, the Daiches family had staked an aristocratic attitude towards religion. Their fervor was so traditional and their learning so undisputed that doubts about the existence of God were just not the "done thing." Much as he steeped himself in secular and contemporary affairs, the Rabbi perpetuated the tradition, and his son describes how the slight changes in his intellectual expressions of faith never once moved his father's ritual piety.

This disappointment of this autobiography becomes evident towards the end. Its author has narrated the lingering memories of his childhood, the widening perspectives of his view of the family's life, and the fuller appreciation which loomed in his own mind of the great stature and wisdom of his father's scholarly and communal activities. A chapter seems to be missing though, which should describe how his own spiritual crisis of holding the two "worlds" together finally broke, and led him to choose the secular as against the ancestral. It is true that Mr. Daiches had already achieved a great deal in his autobiography, with his description of family and Edinburgh life, but it is a pity that he omitted the climax of his own personal life. For in explaining his ultimate choice of the secular and non-Jewish world, he would have revealed not only more about himself, but far more about the world he was leaving, as well.

WALTER GOLDSTEIN

Byzantine Painting, by André Grabar.
Skira, Inc. 200 pp. \$20.00.

For anyone who has, as I had, an idea that Byzantine art consisted solely of stiff-armed, wooden figures decorated with crowns and crosses, I can only quote the words of my six-year-old son when he saw the Skira reproduction of *The Procession of Virgins*, from Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, Ravenna: "They're going to dance," he said. "And I know the tune they're going to dance to!" It would be rather surprising if there really were a connection between the Hebrew kindergarten song which he had in mind and the solemn church ritual of the early Byzantine Empire. Yet even more astonishing, on the face of it, is the fact that Byzantine art, which for 1000 years was devoted to

the glorification of Christ, modelled itself on the Jewish synagogical art of an earlier period.

When the famous 3rd century synagogue of Dura-Europis, in northern Syria, was excavated in 1920, together with an early Christian church and a pagan temple, the mystery of the origins of Byzantine art stood revealed. As Professor Grabar states in his survey, there was seen for the first time the mystical, non-naturalist art conceptions which the Byzantines later made their own, even to the forms in which they were presented, namely, wall mosaics, frescos, and icons.

It is only in the last 40 years that this vibrant, living art became known to the world at large. Since it was generally known through the wholly inadequate medium of black and white photography, there could be no appreciation of its chief characteristics: color, and the intrinsic beauty of the materials used. The Skira edition, with its superb color photography, enables the 20th century public to look on masterpieces of the ancient world created by order of art-loving Emperors and connoisseurs of the day. The adventures of the photographing unit who obtained the Skira pictures are almost as remarkable as the book itself. They journeyed more than 6,000 miles by plane, train, boat, truck, jeep, ox-cart and mule, to get to the ancient churches and monasteries in Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia and Italy. It took two night's hard work, standing on a fifty-foot high scaffolding in St. Sophia, Istanbul, to get one picture alone. In detailed photographic enlargements one can study every detail of the glass mosaics, the multi-colored gems which are more exciting than the semi-precious stones they imitate.

Byzantine art was a "directed" art, deliberately chosen and formulated to serve as a vehicle for political and Christian propaganda. The great period of Byzantine art dates from about 330 A.D., when Constantine began rebuilding Byzantium into the new capital of the Roman Empire, to 1453 when the last Byzantine Emperor died in the defense of Constantinople against the Turks. Long after that period, the Slavic countries, particularly Russia, and to some extent Rumania, continued to follow the Byzantine tradition. The different forms

taken by Byzantine painting are analyzed and brilliantly illustrated. First were the great wall mosaics, crowning achievements of Byzantine art throughout its course. The period which interests me most—from the 4th to the 6th century—happens to contain some of the most wonderful mosaic paintings ever produced. They are to be found in Ravenna, Italy, among them the world-famous panels showing Justinian and Theodora with their retinues, reproduced by Skira in fascinating detail.

"If any influence from the East is traceable in these 6th century mosaics of Ravenna," writes Professor Grabar, "it hails presumably from Palestine." He considers as well that Palestine was probably "the birthplace of a genre that Byzantium was to adopt enthusiastically after the Iconoclast interregnum."

Fresco paintings were employed at the same period as wall mosaics, the finest and most complete sequences to be seen today in the countries which later adopted Byzantine culture, notably the Slav countries. All fields of Byzantine art owe much to the artist's treatment of color. "Color," says Professor Grabar, "was employed not with a view to imitating the natural hues of objects, but to composing melodies or phrases, which, in combination with a theme stated by the linework, interpreted it chromatically. There were fixed color schemes attached, like leitmotifs, to specific persons, enabling the spectator to know at once who was portrayed." It was by appealing to the sensibility of the eye to colors that the painter conveyed the message to a multi-tongued and often illiterate population.

ANITA ENGLE

College Guide For Jewish Youth, by Robert Shosteck and Alfred Jospe. Published by B'nai B'rith Vocational Service Bureau, Washington, D.C. 68 pp. 75 cents.

This booklet is intended as a reference source to help guide the young Jewish student and his parents in the selection of a college which is best suited for his educational needs and for his specific Jewish interests. Guidance personnel and teachers whom the young student may consult for advice will also find this publication useful. It was

prepared by Robert Shosteck, director of research in the B'nai B'rith Vocational Service Bureau, and Alfred Jospe, director of program and resources in the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations.

The Vocational Service Bureau has done considerable research, since its establishment in 1938, in the field of guidance to Jewish youth in connection with their planning and preparation for trades, professions and careers. That there was need for a guide for Jewish youth preparing for college is attested by the current estimate that three out of every four Jewish high school graduates continue their education in college.

The publication was prepared in the nature of a manual, full of valuable facts and references, specific information and details which the high school junior or senior and his parents should know before a higher institution of learning is chosen. Five chapters make up this booklet.

Chapter I, "Choosing A College," deals with such matters as college goals, types of colleges, student body, college facilities, the major subject, public and private institutions, size of classes, location of school, academic standing, and other related information. Of particular interest is the section on Jewish-sponsored schools which singles out Yeshiva University in New York and Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass. Yeshiva has a student body of 2000 and a faculty numbering 310, but most revealing is the fact that it offers each year about 900 scholarships having a total value of \$450,000. Brandeis, founded only in 1948, already has nearly 1000 students, 125 faculty members, and about one-third of its student body is on scholarship or other types of aid which are in excess of \$100,000.

Chapter II deals with the problems of college costs, which is of direct interest to every potential college student. Here we learn of an interesting survey conducted among Jewish seniors in two large cities which disclosed these facts: 37% hope to finance their college education solely through the aid of their parents; 34% depend on a combination of their own earnings and aid from parents; 14% will work their way through college without outside help; 11% rely largely on scholarships; 4% had other means, such as savings or insurance. Thus, the majority of Jewish young

people have to give serious thought to the financial aspect of their college career.

Chapter III is devoted to the problem of admissions, and in this chapter we find the blunt warning to the Jewish student which says, in part: "Young people who belong to so-called minority racial or religious groups may face discrimination in gaining admission to the college of their choice. Under the quota system practiced by some colleges, the number of students of certain religious, racial, or ethnic background is limited to a pre-established percentage or quota . . . As a Jewish student, you may have less chance than your non-Jewish colleagues to gain admission to the college of your first or second choice. This is particularly true of colleges in the Northeast, especially the better known privately-controlled schools." Consequently, Jewish students are advised to apply to several colleges in the hope of being accepted by one of these.

Chapter IV, "Jewish Life On The Campus," discusses religious programs, Judaic studies (more than a score of colleges are listed which give credit for Judaic studies), extracurricular Jewish activities, scholarships and loan funds, a list of Jewish fraternities and sororities, and even a list of nine colleges which have facilities for kosher meals. Most of these activities and programs intended for the Jewish student are provided by the Hillel Foundations which have units in over 200 colleges.

The last chapter consists of a 30-page directory of selected colleges throughout the United States and Canada, with particular data of interest to the Jewish Student, such as general enrollment, size of the Jewish student body, whether urban or small-town environment, whether the school has a Hillel Foundation, the name of the rabbi or counselor, fraternities and sororities, whether co-ed or not, and other details.

This is unquestionably a most valuable guide for the Jewish student preparing to enter a college or university. A careful study of its contents by the student and his parents may prove to be the key to a more successful college career, and a minimum of vexatious problems.

MURRAY FRANK



Torah Student—Sculpture TODROS GELLER

... and ... a happy new year

IRVING S. ABRAMS

We salute the courage and the vision of the pioneers whose arrival in this land of the free opened a glorious era in the life of Jewry.

PAUL G. ANNES

May the coming year bring fuller peace to the world.

COL. JACOB M. ARVEY

In our concern with the problems of our fellowmen we discharge a primary duty of free Americans.

SAMUEL J. BASKIN

The United States of America and the State of Israel share a profoundly meaningful partnership in making principles of democracy a way of life for all.

MORRIS S. BROMBERG

To withhold help to Israel in these trying hours is to betray mankind's noblest concepts of justice and fair play.

HENRY M. BURMAN

Judge, Superior Court, Cook County

In the enjoyment of our rights and liberties we must never forget the plight of Israel and stricken European Jewry.

SAMUEL BYRON

In the bitter hours of Jewish history, religion has always been and will remain forever the sustaining force of our people.

MORRIS DE WOSKIN

Measures to quicken the realization of Israel's economic independence should be of primary interest to Jewry throughout the world.

SIDNEY D. DEUTSCH

Alderman, 24th ward

The treatment and the status of minorities in the United States is the true measure of our social and political progress.

SAMUEL B. EPSTEIN

Judge, Superior Court, Cook County

From the days of Moses the greatest leaders of Jewry have always championed the concept of the brotherhood of men. Let us live up to our heritage.

HARRY M. FISHER

Judge, Circuit Court, Cook County

Respect for law and intense love for justice have always been the characteristics of the Jewish people.

MICHAEL A. GERRARD

The moral strength of America stems from its way of life and our willingness to defend it.

ELMER GERTZ

In the preservation of our civil liberties and in the perseverance of our Bill of Rights lies the hope of a better tomorrow.

JACK GOLDBERG

Our daily experience of freedom should be universally shared. May it become man's proud possession.

MARTIN HERWITT

Pres., Ramah Lodge, B'nai B'rith

Responsible communal endeavor has always been a prerequisite of sound American citizenship.

SAMUEL H. HOLLAND

The keystone of American ideology rests upon faith in the sacredness of the freedom of the individual and abhorrence of totalitarianism.

S. JESMER

Anti-Semitism is as great a menace to the well being of democracy as it is to the Jew whom it aims to destroy.

DAVID SAUL KLAFTER

Mankind's sole hope for permanent peace lies in following the leadership of the United States of America.

... and ... a happy new year

DAVID A. KLEIN

It is man's own conscience that must and will prove the final factor for determining a more decent world.

LOUIS A. KLEIN

Humanity is doomed to destruction unless the world outlaws forever the very concept of war.

DR. N. D. LIEBERFARB

We must aid Israel to help itself; its preservation and progress as a nation is a boon to all humanity.

JOSEPH LIPSHUTZ

We need constantly prove our devotion to the Bill of Rights in order that we may defeat demagogues who would confuse and divide us.

HARRY MARCUS

Steadfast concern with the lot of common man is the prerequisite of civic minded citizenship.

ABRAHAM MARGOLIS

King David's dictum "Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it" is as pertinent today as when it was first said.

A. J. MINKUS

Honorary President, Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society

It is historically true that no human agency has dried more tears and alleviated more suffering than the HIAS.

ALBERT P. MITNICK

President, District Grand Lodge 6, B'nai B'rith

Mankind's hope for freedom, unity and peace rests upon confidence in the wisdom of our government.

LEO NELLIS

Let us, who are a free people, bring freedom to the oppressed and enslaved.

OSCAR M. NUDELMAN

Rehabilitation projects in Israel, assistance to national organizations such as Hadasah, Hias, the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and such other institutions, should be of great concern to the American Jew.

BERNARD K. OFFENBERG

American doctrines of freedom and equality remain the inspiration of mankind for a better world.

HARRY PRINCE

Let us help our youth realize its potentials as stalwart defenders of decency, righteousness, and peace on earth.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Pres., Chicago Chapter, Jewish Nat'l. Fund

In the story of mankind the persecution of the Jew ran always parallel with the evil designs upon the freedom of the individual.

BENJAMIN P. SAX

The Jew has always fought and will continue to battle against regimentation, prohibition of inquiry, and disloyalty to the interests of the common man.

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Judge, Circuit Court of Appeals

May deep and abiding faith in our institutions be forever the guiding principle of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM policies.

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It is for each of us in his own measure to work for a better future for Kol Yisroel and all the peoples of the world.

LAWRENCE G. SHENDER

The business of saving lives, building Israel, and strengthening democracy is not finished. These same tasks await us in the year ahead.

. . . and . . . a happy new year

DAVID F. SILVERZWEIG

Both the spirit and the letter of Laws would be meaningless but for man's intense desire to implement decency and justice into human society.

MAURICE A. SMOLER

The story of the Jew in the United States is a profound and a moving chronicle of selfless and dedicated devotion to American concepts of democracy.

ISIDORE SPINNER

The Biblical precept "Love thy neighbor as you love thyself" is still the most effective premise of the brotherhood of man.

CARL B. SUSSMAN

Throughout history offensives against the Jews have always been synonymous with attacks upon democracy and decency.

MAX TARG

The martyrdom of the Jew will not have been in vain if the State of Israel is enabled to persist as a free and an independent nation.

JOHN WALL

Let us in the year to come labor for our country's unity, well being, and security from enemies within and without.

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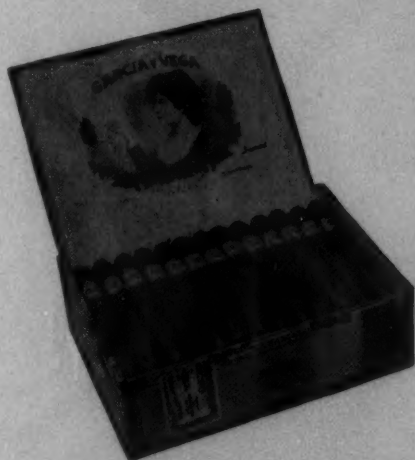
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